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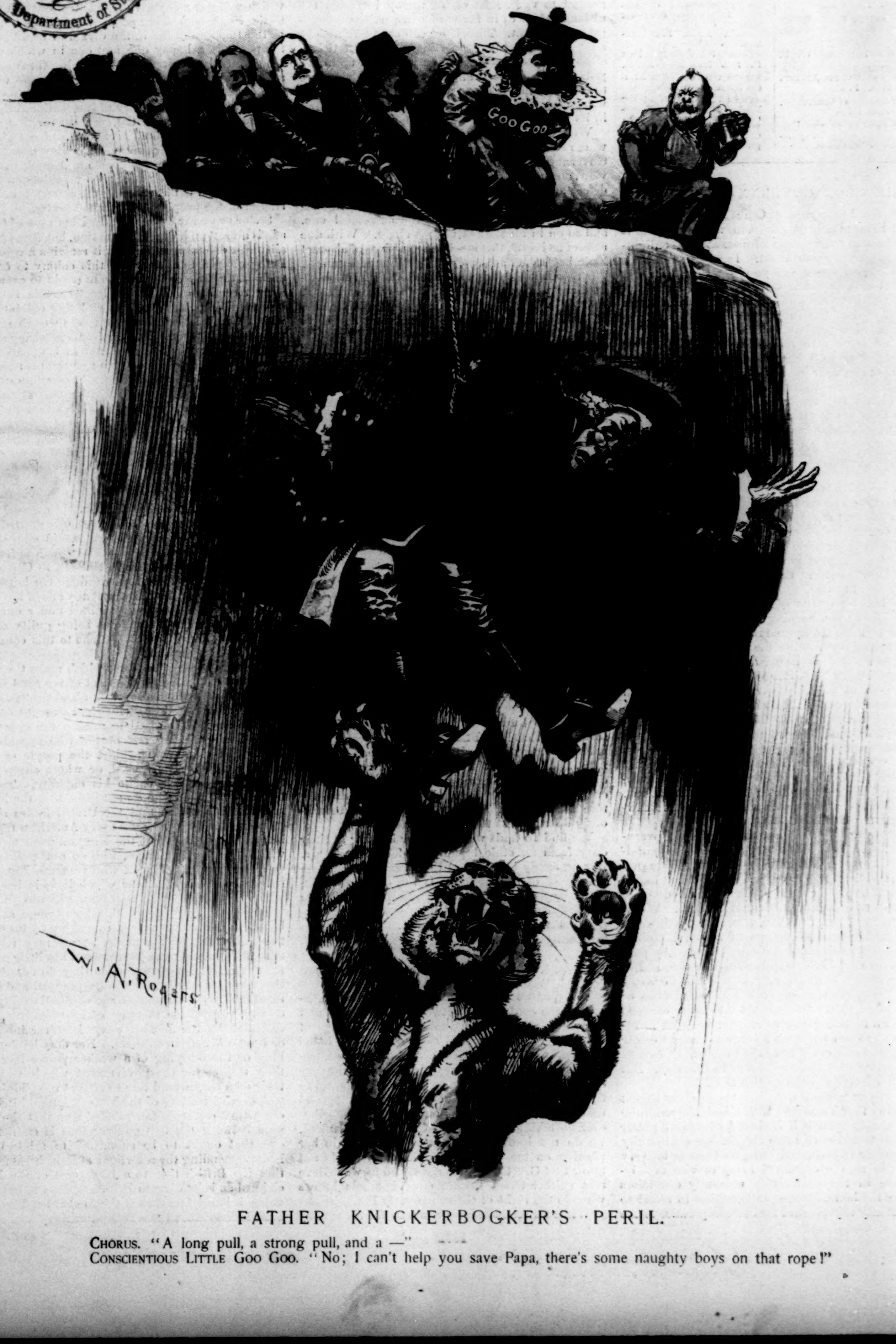

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S PERIL.

Chorus. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a —"
Conscientious Little Goo Goo. "No; I can't help you save Papa, there's some naughty boys on that rope!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

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THE GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUBS.

THE Good Government Clubs are organizations of men, mostly young men, whose purpose it is to promote the cause of honest and enlightened municipal government. In saying that they are composed mostly of young men we do not mean to cast any slur upon them. On the contrary, nothing could in our opinion be a more hopeful sign of the future than the zeal and devotion with which well-educated young men in great numbers take an active part in political affairs, and go at the performance of what they conceive to be their public duties with the idealistic enthusiasm characteristic of youth. We esteem very highly the services the Good Government Clubs have already rendered, not only by the advocacy of sound principles and opinions, but also by the exceedingly efficient practical work they did in the municipal campaign of last year. But just because we place so high a value upon what they stand for, what they have done, and what they may still be expected to do, we are watching with anxiety their attitude in the present campaign—an attitude not only serving to imperil the result of the struggle now going on against the archenemy of good government, Tammany Hall, but also threatening their own usefulness for a long period to come.

The leading spirits of the Good Government Clubs insist upon keeping in the field candidates of their own, on the ground that the anti-Tammany ticket agreed upon under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty owes its existence to a compromise with the PLATT Republicans and the State Democrats, who, as they say, were governed by selfish partisan motives. And, as is usually the case under such circumstances, the Good Government Clubs direct their bitterest attacks not against the common enemy, but against the friends with whom they are dissatisfied. They assail, not Tammany Hall, but the Chamber of Commerce and the Committee of Fifty—not CROKER and SHEEHAN, but, by implication at least, such men as CHARLES STEWART SMITH and SETH LOW.

Now we readily admit all that the Good Government Clubs can say about the principle that municipal governments should be divorced from national and State party politics, and that municipal officers should be chosen solely with reference to their integrity and business qualifications. We go even farther than this, and affirm that neither in municipal, nor in State, nor in national politics good citizens should ever countenance any politicians animated with purely selfish motives. But we are painfully aware that we are still far away from the realization of such ideal conditions or possibilities, that all we can do is to move forward in their direction, however slowly, and that in order to approach them we have sometimes to steer a zigzag course, cruising against the wind. Almost all great reforms have been won in this way. But very few have been spared this trial.

As to our present situation, no sensible person will deny that Tammany Hall should be annihilated, not only because if it should come into power again it would once more subject the community to a robber government, but also because its very existence as the organized army of vice and ignorance in the community naturally engenders among the honest people a disposition to resort to almost any expedient of deal or compromise to the end of driving or keeping this most dangerous enemy of the commonweal out of power. This disposition, inspired by the fear of Tammany misgovernment, is, as to the principle upon which municipal officers should be selected, no doubt an unwholesome one, for it brings about combinations of forces such as those to which the Good Government Clubs at present object. But it is also a natural one, and will exist and exercise its influence, whether wholesome or not, just so long as Tammany Hall as a power threatening the extreme of mischief exists. The only way to remove it is, therefore, the destruction of Tammany; and as Tammany can be destroyed only by a succession of defeats, gradually starving its mercenary bands and extinguishing among them the hope of a Tammany resurrection, everything that contributes at present to the defeat of Tammany increases the ultimate chances in favor of non-partisan municipal government. Thus, if we can defeat Tammany now by vigorously supporting the fusion ticket, although its composition does not come up to the principle of non-partisanship, we nevertheless serve the cause of non-partisan municipal government by weakening the most dangerous obstacle standing in its way.

We are aware that an eminent professor of ethics, whom we respect very highly, encourages the Good Government Clubs in maintaining the opposite view, on the ground that if we use one partisan to defeat another we shall eventually fall under the yoke of our associate, and then have to use the defeated partisan to overthrow the successful one, and so on in an endless vicious circle. With due respect be it said, this is a fine-spun piece of abstract logic, but it does not apply to actual circumstances. The associate against whom he warns us is the Republican party under the influence of Boss PLATT. Nobody will suspect us of overestimating Mr. PLATT'S virtues. When it is said that he is five times as bad as Boss CROKER was, we are not inclined to dispute the charge. But while he may be five times as bad in political character and five times as dangerous in the interior of the State, he is not half as dangerous in the municipality of New York. Tammany has the advantage of belonging to the majority party in the city. Whenever Tammany gets all the Democratic votes it is sure to win. As to the PLATT machine, even if it could command all the Republican votes in the city, but nothing beyond a party vote, it is sure to lose. PLATT can therefore, even under circumstances most favorable to him, never set up a boss-ship in New York city to be compared in power for mischief with that of Tammany. Besides, his interests as well as his main strength are not in the city, but in the country districts. What the city has had reason to complain of is that Boss PLATT, by his influence in the Legislature as well as by his manipulations in city politics, and especially by dividing the anti-Tammany forces through the running of straight Republican tickets, played into Tammany's hands. But when the Republicans, with or without PLATT'S approval, abstain from running a straight ticket and join the anti-Tammany forces, then to leave and even oppose the anti-Tammany combination because the PLATT Republicans have been drawn into it, for fear of something that Boss PLATT never can accomplish, is the extreme of absurdity. If the Good Government Clubs commit this absurdity they will not only, by giving Tammany a new chance, hurt the cause of good government, but also their own future usefulness; for they will henceforth be seriously distrusted as to their good sense.

We find no fault with them for looking at their duty from an ethical point of view. So do we. But we firmly believe that the foremost ethical requirement of the situation is the defeat of Tammany by the means at hand. Nothing will clear the moral atmosphere and open the way for non-partisan municipal government as effectively as Tammany's destruction.

THE VENEZUELA BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

THE jingoes have found a congenial opportunity in the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela, and they have taken due advantage of it. There is, however, no occasion for hot blood and hot words in this country over the controversy between two foreign powers, nor has the time come, if it can ever come, to threaten an appeal to the MONROE doctrine, because nothing has happened that gives to the United States any excuse whatever for taking up the cause of Venezuela. Indeed, we do not know that Venezuela is right in her position on the boundary question, as we do not know that Great Britain is right, and as we believe that neither Great Britain nor Venezuela knows wherein the right of the controversy lies.

While no occasion has yet arisen for the display of warlike feelings by the people of this country, the government of the United States has the right to attempt to bring about a peaceable settlement of the boundary dispute by means of arbitration, and will have the further right to consider the continued refusal of Great Britain to submit the question to arbitration as unfriendly to it, and as harsh and unjust to Venezuela. Great Britain is the power of all others with which the United States ought to be on the closest terms of friendship, and apparently there is a good deal of English sentiment in favor of enduring peace, and even of an alliance, between these two English-speaking powers. In its issue of October 12th the London *Spectator* said, "We have sometimes thought, indeed, that the MONROE doctrine might be used as one of the stones upon which to build up that Anglo-Saxon alliance which will some day give the control of the world to the English-speaking peoples." Whatever may be the foundation for it, the dream of an alliance for peace is a happy one, and one in which men who are truly civilized love to indulge, for such an alliance would mean that war would cease while it endured. But neither the MONROE doctrine nor any other doctrine or theory of international rights and duties will furnish the occasion for that alliance so long as England gives cause of complaint to the people of this country. Desiring peace and hating jingoism as we do, we are bound to say that Great Britain is not a good neighbor on this continent, and is not winning the affection or the respect of the people of the United States.

So far as we are concerned the Dominion of Canada is almost an independent nation, but Great Britain must defend it so long as it remains a colony. Being obliged to answer for this colony to other nations, the imperial government ought to exercise some restraint over it. At least Canada should be compelled to abstain from violating obligations which Great Britain has assumed through international agreements. But far from exercising such compulsion, the British government is apparently powerless to carry out its own agreements against the objection of the Dominion. It sometimes happens that Canada violates a British obligation for which Great Britain may be called to account, whereupon the imperial government seems to think that it must defend and aid the colony that has violated British honor and offended against a friendly power. Great Britain, for example, has admitted that it is its duty to assist the United States in the effort to preserve the fur-seals in Bering Sea, but both Lord ROSEBERY'S and Lord SALISBURY'S governments have actually abetted the Canadian violators of the Paris award who were engaged in killing the seals, while now it is feared that Great Britain will at last assent to Canada's international copyright law, although the imperial government cannot consent that any one of its colonies shall pirate books copyrighted under our international agreement without being guilty of at least an evasion of its obligations to this country and to its own authors.

These are some of the facts which make the people of the United States doubtful of the good faith of Englishmen when they talk about an "Anglo-Saxon" alliance. The British government seems to consider itself obliged to assume the cause of every land-grabbing adventurer who appeals to his British citizenship against the people or the country that he has robbed, or whose sheep-pastures or gold-mines excite his cupidity. Therefore rational men who do not insist that the MONROE doctrine means that the United States shall exercise a protectorate over every American republic, but who know what the MONROE doctrine was when it was promulgated, who do not believe in war, who are not jingoes, who venerate England for what she has been, and who believe in her for what she may be—such men do not like to see her taking more territory on this hemisphere at the behest of her subjects who are seeking fortunes in the gold-fields of Venezuela. They may realize that the United States government has little cause for aggressive interference, but they do not think that America will be made more peaceful and harmonious by the strengthening of another British colony, responsible to none of its neighbors, but defended by the British navy, however insolent or hostile it may be to them. Nor does land-grabbing or the bullying of a weaker power increase their respect for the government which next to their own they would like to respect most highly.

A careful reading of the Venezuelan and British cases must convince fair-minded men that the dispute between the two governments is eminently one that ought to be submitted to arbitration. Notwithstanding the assertions of British Premiers that the British title to a large part of the land claimed as belonging to British Guiana is impregnable, it is the fact that at the most it has been debatable land since the sixteenth century, while the record evidence from the treaty of Münster down is favorable to the Venezuelan claim that the Dutch, from whom England derives all her rights, had no legal settlements west of the Essequibo. It is also true that the Spanish and the Dutch were almost always contending for this land, and that the efforts of the Dutch to obtain command of the mouths of the Orinoco preceded the attempts of the English to control that important stream. Some of our leading jingoes have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that Venezuela is right, and that her claim is abundantly proved by a series of treaties, among which those of Münster and Utrecht are the most important; but we confess that we do not find the evidence so convincing. There is abundant testimony that the British authorities are also uncertain as to the whereabouts of the boundary. SCHOMBURGK's line was abandoned by Lord ABERDEEN, and there have been other lines suggested, and negotiations have been entered into for a conventional line by other Premiers. The testimony is conflicting, and some of the British case seems to be withheld, for we are told of certain old Indian titles, which, however, are not revealed, but which must be laid before an arbitrator, and must turn out to be all that they are asserted to be, if the British claim is to be sustained judicially.

In view of the mystery in which the boundary line is shrouded, there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the dispute ought to be submitted to arbitration, and that if Great Britain persists in refusing to arbitrate, it must be assumed that she is not willing to go into court for justice because she is dealing with a weak power, from which she thinks that she is able to extort what her colonists demand. She need not fear the MONROE doctrine. The United States government cannot intervene when it is doubtful as to which power is right, if it would intervene at all; but if the *Spectator* expresses the sentiments of Englishmen, if an alliance with this country is desired by Lord SALISBURY and his fellow-countrymen, they can rest assured that they will not advance their hopes by increasing the belief among Americans that their government is at the beck and call of British land-grabbers in every quarter of the globe, and that it favors arbitration only when its dispute is with a strong power.

THE WAR AGAINST THE "BOSSES."

A STRONG appeal is made by the Baltimore *Sun* to the Democrats of Maryland to seize the present golden opportunity to break away from the rule of their "boss," and by the defeat of GORMAN to take the first step towards putting an end to dishonest elections. "If the people of Maryland," it says, "or of Baltimore desire to have honest elections next year, or the year after, or ever again in the lifetime of this generation, it is clearly their interest and their duty to make short work and clean work of their bossism and bosses this fall. Honest elections and boss rule are incompatible terms. They cannot coexist in any community. Fraudulent elections are indispensable to the perpetuation of boss rule, and the first and primary object of political bosses is to control elections by whatever means and whatever use of the 'election machinery' may be found necessary."

We quote this as of especial value to the people of this city, and of every community where "bosses" have been or may be overthrown. For several years the various States of the Union have been engaged in the task of reforming their ballot laws. Most of them have greatly improved their election machinery. In nearly all the States some reforms have been made, but in this State the efforts of the reformers have been blocked and turned partially aside through the hostile influence of DAVID B. HILL and THOMAS C. PLATT. We have now a blanket ballot which protects the buyers and sellers of votes, and makes independent voting difficult. But it is nevertheless an improvement on the old system. In New York city the Police Board is composed of honest men, who have seen to it that, so far as they could accomplish such a result, the election officers of the city are also honest men. Under these conditions, even if the election is close, the men who are engaged in making war on Tammany have a chance of winning. Under the old state of things they would have had no chance whatever in a close contest. A victory against Tammany under the rule of that organization was impossible without an uprising amounting to such a revolution as that of last year. If Tammany come partially into power this year, it will probably come entirely into power two years from now; good citizens must then wait for another uprising, and uprisings do not come more than once in a generation.

A whole or a half vote for Tammany is a vote to turn over the election machinery of this city to a Tammany-PLATT bipartisan board of police commissioners. The people of this city, of this State, and of Maryland are contending for the fundamental right guaranteed to them by their institutions, to express whatever political opinions they may hold, and to espouse whatever cause they may prefer, free from persecution or hinderance. They are also trying to bring about, or to make permanent, such a control of their election machinery that none but honest votes shall be cast, and that all votes that are cast shall be counted. They are trying to escape such a rule as that which Senator MURPHY established in Troy, which developed into a terrorism that kept honest men from the polls, under which the voice of the city found expression through its murderers, its thieves, its gamblers, and the members of the various callings known to crime, and which finally found its brightest exponent in "Bat" SHEA, who killed an honest guardian of the polls, for which crime his fate has just been sealed by the Court of Appeals. The Baltimore *Sun* fears that Maryland will suffer from the same kind of frauds as those that were perpetrated by our own "Boss" MCKANE, and no one who knows "bosses" will be astonished at the expression of such a fear. A good many communities besides our own city are struggling this year to escape from the control of criminals.

CHURCH UNION AND CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THERE has been so much sincerity in the movement for what is called Christian union, and such a fine manifestation of wide and noble charity, using the word charity in its best sense as meaning the love and esteem of others, that it seems almost unkind to say that the cause has not advanced this year. And yet this is not only the fact, but it is doubtful, from what has been said by prominent ecclesiastics and by important ecclesiastical bodies, if the cause can be said to have made any advance at all. Whether this is to be keenly regretted or not depends altogether upon the whole state of the Church and of the Christian world.

The good people who have been engaged in the work for union are perhaps not doing the best that can be done for their religion; it may be that they are wasting effort and strength, and that no human being is made much nobler or purer for their earnest, honest, prayerful toil. What they have been striving for is not Christian, but church union, and in that they have failed, because they have undertaken one of the most difficult of tasks—the task of making men believe and confess that the organizations that they and their forebears have planned and perfected, and then defended and even fought for, are, after all, not so good for the accomplishment of their object as some other organization, the work of some other men. Such a confession is an acknowledgment not only of the weakness of him who makes it, but of the folly or blindness of those who have gone before him, in whose clearness of vision and sound judgment the man of this generation has a faith that he is far from reposing in the wisdom of his contemporaries. So it is not to be wondered at that the Pope announces that he cannot consent to a union of his church with that of England unless his primacy is acknowledged and his rule submitted to. Nor is it strange that the Archbishop of Canterbury should declare that in his mind a condition precedent to union is the acceptance of the creed and organization of the establishment over which he presides. On this side of the water, too, it seems that the Episcopal Church is not willing to surrender its distinguishing features. Doubtless all these are right, for the preservation of their different forms of worship, of their distinctive ceremonies, and of their social customs is essential to the broad inclusiveness of church life in English-speaking countries. We are not all fitted to be Episcopalians, nor would we all be content with the simplicity of Methodism.

We do not know that Cardinal VAUGHAN had this human trait in mind when he preached on this subject the other day. Probably as he is a cardinal he did not, but while he may not believe that different kinds of churches are necessary for the different kinds of men that are found among noble and fervid Christians, it is clear that he realizes that each church must grow by convincing individuals and not by making alliances with other churches. The Cardinal reiterated the ultimatum of the Pope, that there can be no union of the Roman Church with any other establishment unless the sovereignty of the Roman pontiff is recognized; and he added, with a frankness that is refreshing in the wilderness of general words that have been talked on the subject, that the Church of Rome does not expect that the Church of England will ever unite with the elder body, but that it does believe that day after day and year after year the men and women who compose the Church of England will join the elder communion, until in the end England shall become once more a Roman Catholic country. Neither Cardinal VAUGHAN nor any one of his successors is likely to see such an augmentation of their church, but the interesting element in this expression of his belief and hope is the recognition of the fact that the individual nearly always chooses the church that he likes best, whose services or whose people are most in harmony with his beliefs, most satisfying to his wants, most comfortable and consoling to him as a social being. And that being so, church union is a thing of the dim future—of the future when we shall have grown so much in grace that we shall be fitted to be citizens of Altruria.

NOISE.

A DISPIRITING thought about our town life is its indifference to noise. It is true that under the head of "disorderly person" any one making unseemly noise may be punished by statute, but that kind of personal disturbance represents a very small proportion of the offensive sounds which are the commonplace of our large cities, and of most of the small ones. All other noises seem not only legal, but approved. It is surely a low stage of civic development which permits pride in noise. The "roar of the city" is something on which conceit is wasted. As the audible evidence of urban greatness it is barbaric. To have a great bridge, a fine city hall or art institute, a noble park or an imposing street, is one glory, but to have "more hustle and rustle" than a neighbor town is another glory not quite unknown.

We have crusaders against visible and moral ugliness. Why not against the ugliness that offends the ear? How can a sweet and serious refinement spread out its tendrils among us if on the side of so important a sense as hearing we place no bar upon intrusive, pervasive cacophony?

A bare catalogue of the urban noises that are avoidable or mitigable, yet which no one thinks it a duty to suppress or literally tone down, would fill a page. Sometimes a complaint is made of a church-bell or a hand-organ, for both which something saving is to be said; but the steam-engines, steam-whistles, engine-bells, trolley and cable car gongs, cable brakes, thunderous coal-carts, carloads of sheet or rod iron, the rattle of the omnibus, beat of horse hoofs on cobble-stones—who ever complains effectively of them? Yet these are only the outrageous offenders against decency of sound. No projector of "improvements," no inventor of things for daily use, thinks of noise-suppressing as part of his problem. One sure test of a well-served table is the noiselessness of the service. There luxury combines with good taste to hide the friction of the function, in order that the higher intellectual as well as the lower gustatory pleasures of the table may proceed without jar. Set against this the fact that the highest popular idea of jubilant jollification includes a pandemonium of tin horns with gun-firing. The late Mr. GILMORE touched the popular fancy for noise with the greatest nicety when he added the firing of cannon to the "Anvil Chorus."

As to the inventor, he ignores the noise problem altogether, that is, as to noise. If the noise in his engine—whatever it may be—represents an avoidable loss of power, he may better matters because it saves power; the lessening of ear-torture will only be incidental. The deafening noises of mills and factories are all more or less remediable, but who ever made aural sensitiveness a factor to be respected in the premises? In such a simple domestic article as a coffee-mill, what actualities of miniature thunder are found! A noiseless coffee-mill should not be difficult. There is a certain patented egg-beater, very quick, very effective in beating eggs, but reproducing pretty faithfully the passing of a freight-train in its noise. The use of the rubber tire on street vehicles is simply a development of the friction-saving of the pneumatic tire on the bicycle; its noise-saving has had nothing to do with recommending it. Think of the avoidable noises involved on some New York avenues, for instance, with a steam-car train thundering and puffing overhead, a cable line humming, rumbling, creaking, clanging beneath, and a heavy hoof and wheel traffic pounding on the granite blocks on either side. There is a certain corner in Baltimore round which the trolley-cars make a quick curve. The clamor of huge gongs is continuous there night and day. There is a certain great Philadelphia hotel with uninterrupted trolley gong and screech on four sides of it day and night. Chicago can furnish fearful examples, and, indeed, what town of any consequence cannot?

Amid all the needless clamor cannot a small clear cry for the lessening of noise meet some favoring response, waken some echo of protest against the growing debasement of the auditory nerve?

A NEW ISSUE IN POLITICS.

THE party dissensions and personal rivalries of the campaign in Ohio and the wide range of resultant possibilities have lent an unusual interest to the political situation in that always interesting State. The complications have been increased by a new issue. Certain representatives of the labor interests have declared that the fitness of a candidate for election to the Legislature is to be determined by his record on the militia question; that no one who has voted for a militia appropriation, or who is in favor of maintaining a State militia, is entitled to receive the suffrages of the working-men.

This issue might as well be met in Ohio to-day as elsewhere or at any time. Such a challenge to the underlying sentiment of law and order on which our system of American commonwealths is based should not be allowed to pass unanswered in any campaign or at any election. If such an issue is raised it would be more than mere cowardice to evade it. It would be a repudiation of law and justice.

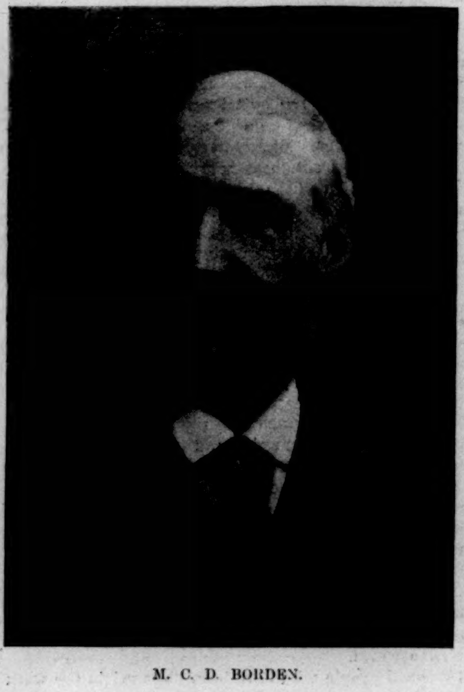
A State militia is merely a part of the machinery of State government. It is the defence of the people against the danger of brute force, whether that danger comes in the shape of foreign invasion or of domestic riot. It is provided for in the Constitution, and the history of the uses it has served vindicates the wisdom which provided for it. Neither in Ohio nor in any other State has the employment of the militia ever been prostituted to the subversion of the just rights and liberties of the people.

On the rare and unhappy occasions in the past twenty years when there has been need of the militia to supplement the resources at the command of the civil authorities it has served the ends of justice. It has restored peace, protected life and property, vindicated the dignity of the State, and enforced its authority. It has uniformly represented the law-abiding, decent, and patriotic sentiment of the country as opposed to rioters, incendiaries, destroyers of property, and wilful law-breakers.

If an issue is to be made by the agitators who are opposed to the practical enforcement of the laws by the State authorities, such an issue should not be shunned. It should be met fairly and squarely wherever it presents itself.

AN INSTANCE OF BUSINESS REVIVAL.

THE uninformed American knows that Fall River, in Massachusetts, is a mill town, and he also knows that it is the terminal of a line of large steamers carrying travellers who are journeying between New York and Boston. But this is about the extent of his information, and his interest does not go much further. As a matter of fact, Fall River is a very important and interesting place; it is important because it is the largest cotton-manufacturing centre in America, and interesting because of the peculiar constituents of its population and its very large percentage of wage-earners. Fall River has been a manufacturing city since 1813, when the first of its present large companies was incorporated. It was a happy location for manufacturing, on account of the availability of the power of the Quequechau River. How the business of the place has grown will be indicated by the fact that this river, which once turned all the mills, is now only sufficient in its low stages to supply the steam-boilers and to furnish water for bleaching the cotton cloths produced by the neighboring mills. Another illustration of growth may be given: In 1865 there were 265.328 spindles in the mills of this town; to-day there are 2,626,488 spindles at work. In the mills to-day there are upwards of 30,000 operatives, while in 1865 there were only 17,525 inhabitants in the city. This growth is wonderful, but it is not more wonderful than the mixture of nationalities in the population at this time is curious. Of the 90,000 population, 15.000 are Americans, 25,000 are French Canadians, 25,000 are Irish, 15,000 are Scotch and English, and the remaining 10.000 are from the four corners of the earth. Business depression and business prosperity mean a great deal to such a population. The wages paid and the amount of employment obtainable are sure standards by which the business condition of the country may be measured.



M. C. D. BORDEN.

During the recent business depression the New England mills reduced the wages and the hours of running, so that the operatives had a hard time. The less hopeful among the mill-owners took it into their heads that the glory of the cotton industry of New England had departed forever, and that not only would no new mills ever be erected, but that some of those in existence would never be put in operation again. This was the opinion of men who were weak in faith and short in sight. Those of the stuff which first made New England the manufacturing centre of the country not only declined to entertain such views, but they continued to believe in the country's prosperity and in New England's part of it. Just at a time when the gloom in Fall River was at its densest, and when the hopeless were deepest in despair, there went to the superintendent of the largest plant in the place directions from the owner in New York to increase the wages of the operatives. This was like light appearing in a dark sky. The other mill-owners were obliged to follow this example, and they were not slow to see that their leader had taken this action because he saw with entire clearness that the bad times had come to an end, and that this autumn and next spring there would be a greater demand than ever before for the cotton cloths that were woven and printed in his great establishment. This order for the increase of wages was given on the 22d of last April.

But this was not all. Fifteen days later he directed that a new mill, with a capacity for 80,000 spindles, should be added to his plant, and this direction was accompanied by the injunction that the mill should be finished in time to be put in operation this autumn. Work was begun on the 14th of last May; the engine in this large new mill was started with simple ceremonies on October 17th. This evidence of confidence in the revival of business prosperity has had its effect throughout New England, and all the mills are busy getting ready for the demand that will increase week by week. The person that accomplished all this was Mr. M. C. D. Borden, owner of the mills of the Fall River Iron-Works Company and of the American Printing Company—establishments which employ respectively 2700 and 750 operatives. The four cotton-mills which constitute the plant of the Fall River Iron-Works Company have been built since 1889, and the spindles at work in them are as many as were running in all the mills of Fall River in 1865. Mr. Borden has been consistent in his faith in the business of the country, and also in the manufactures of his native town.

In a visit to this great plant it was interesting to note that in the making of cotton cloth there was only one operation which it was still necessary to do by hand. This was what is called "drawing in"; this is done in the way that obtained more than a hundred years ago. Nearly all of the machinery is so fashioned that the mere breaking of a thread stops the machine, which will not start again until the proper connection is made.

On the day when the engine was started in this last new mill Mr. Borden had as his guests in Fall River some of the most considerable bankers and business men from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. They went through the mills under Mr. Borden's guidance, and finally reached the engine-house, where the largest stationary engine in the United States, possibly in the world, was in place. It was built by the Corliss Company, and is more than twice the capacity of the beautiful engine at which we stared in astonishment at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. This engine is of 3000 horse-power, and a twin triple expansion. The fly-wheel is 30 feet in diameter, with a face of 15 feet 4 inches. The shaft of this wheel, by-the-way, weighs 45½ tons, while the whole wheel weighs 160,000 pounds. When running, the face of the wheel travels one mile and a third each minute. Mr. Borden started this engine, and it moved as smoothly as though it had a capacity of only three instead of three thousand.

At the breakfast on the steamboat *Priscilla*, which followed the simple ceremonies at the mill, Mr. Borden, in thanking the speakers for their kind words, made an announcement which took every one present by surprise. He said:

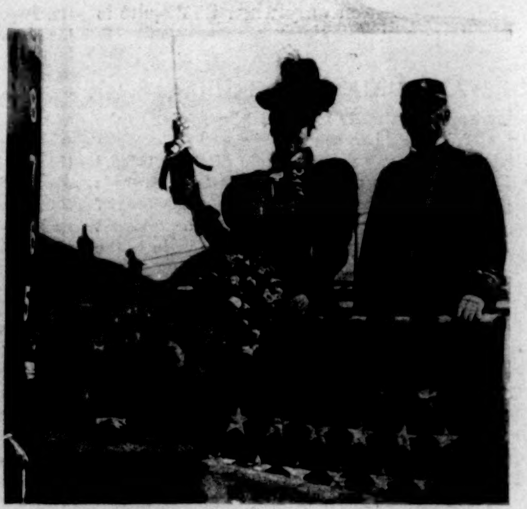
"In closing the exercises of the day I wish to say before we separate, without any spirit of ostentation, and in the hope that I may in no quarter be misunderstood, that I realize as fully as any man that I have met with more than the average degree of success, and in grateful recognition of what a kind Providence has done for me, I wish to state that I hereby signify my intention of contributing to the charities of the city of Fall River, in such way as on consultation it is decided may produce the best results, the sum of $100,000.

"There is no portion of the festivities from which I have shrunk so much as from this, because, to my mind, charitable work should always be carried on modestly; but on occasions like this of to-day it may be effective to make known one's intentions for the sake of the lessons they may carry with them, and from which all may learn."

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

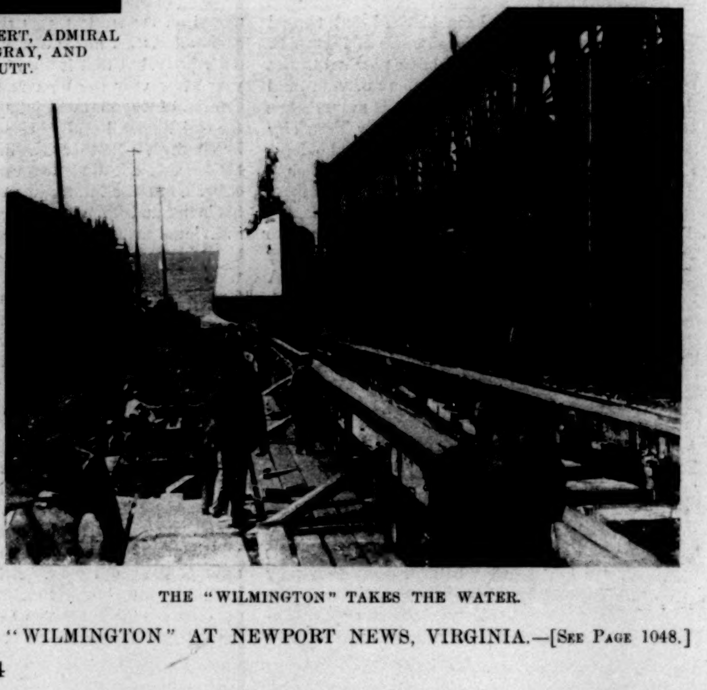
NAMING OF THE "NASHVILLE" BY MISS EMMA THOMPSON.

SECRETARY HERBERT, ADMIRAL BUNCE, MISS GRAY, AND MR. ORCUTT.



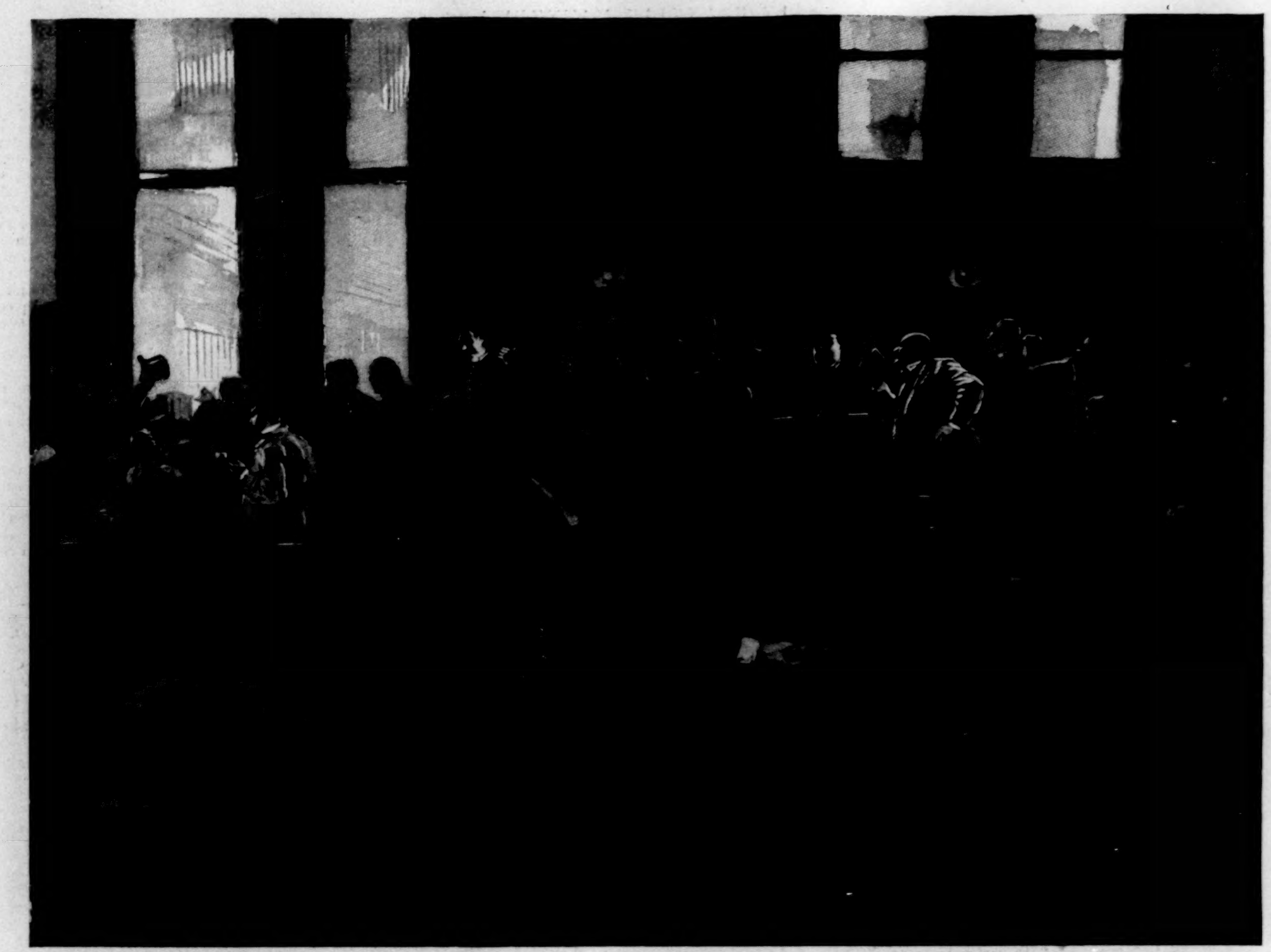
MISS ANNE B. GRAY, ACCOMPANIED BY ADMIRAL BUNCE, ABOUT TO NAME THE "WILMINGTON."

KNOCKING OUT THE WEDGES.

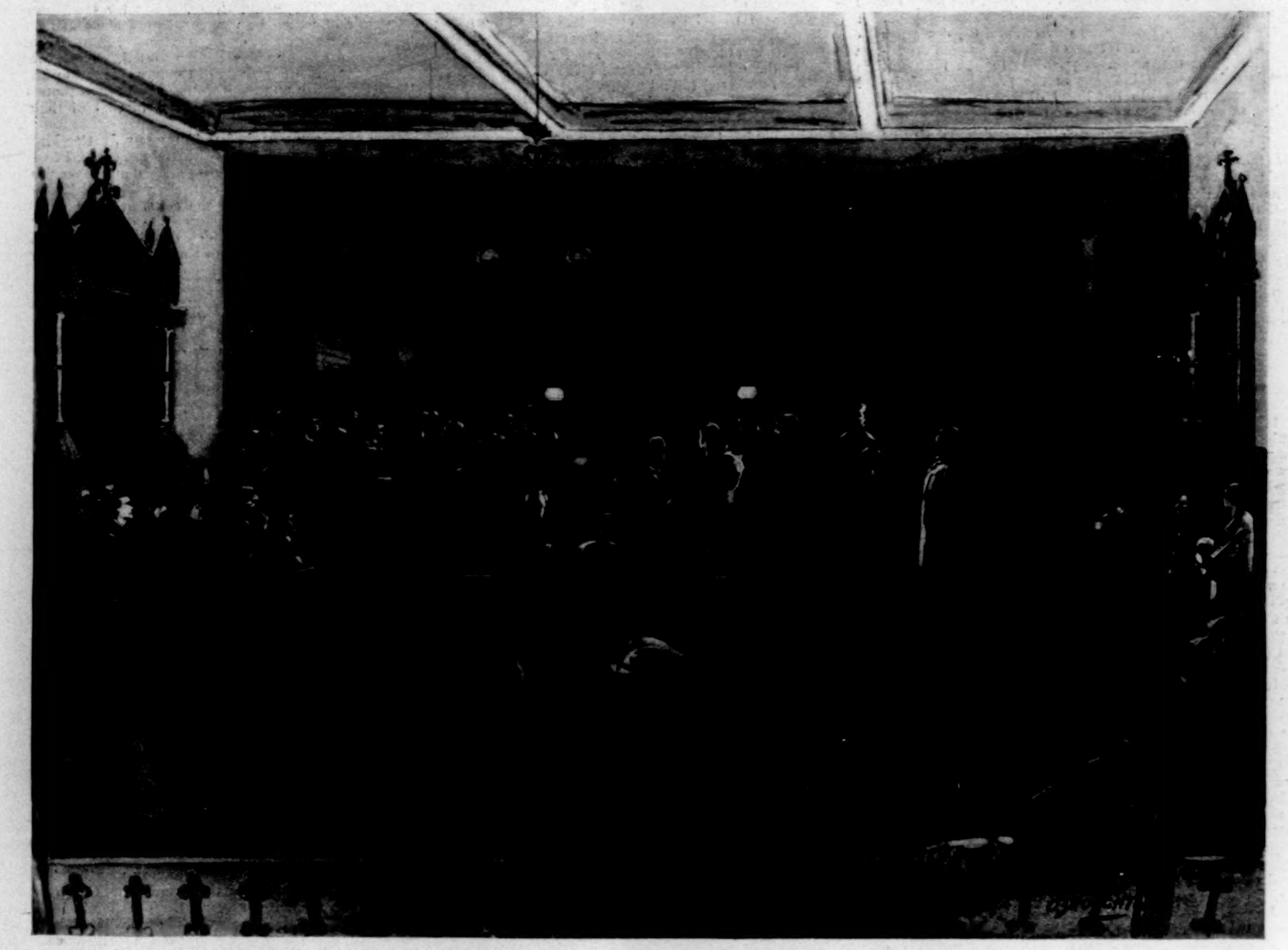


THE "WILMINGTON" TAKES THE WATER.

LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES GUNBOATS "NASHVILLE" AND "WILMINGTON" AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 1048.]



BEFORE THE REFORMATION—A POLICEMAN REPRIMANDED FOR ARRESTING A MAN WITH A PULL.



AFTER THE REFORMATION—"EVERY PERSON BROUGHT BEFORE THE JUDGE GETS A CONSIDERATE HEARING."

REFORM IN NEW YORK'S POLICE COURTS.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.—[See Page 1036.]

REFORM IN NEW YORK'S POLICE COURTS—A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

ON October 1st the reformed police courts of New York city had been in operation three months. The former police justices were legislated out of office on July 1st, and the Special Sessions judges and the police magistrates took their places. The new law required that the new justices and magistrates should be lawyers of at least ten years' standing, and that they should engage in no other legal work, and it gave the power of appointing these new officers of judicial procedure to a reform Mayor. A mighty change has come in consequence. That mysterious power in modern politics known as the Pull is gone in these courts. This can be proved beyond a shadow of doubt. The pothouse politicians have been swept out of these courts by the broom of reform. Pettifogging lawyers, if they venture inside the courts now, tiptoe their way about, and the thieves among the police, who were frequent in the courts in the interest of the pull, have put on the garb of honest living.

Wife-beaters are actually being sent to jail, and those who pollute the milk supply of the city are being imprisoned and fined. An officer of the Board of Health within ten days has said that as a result of this kind of justice the milk supply of the city has not been so pure in thirty years as the present tests show. Open violation of law has ceased, and cases are now being decided on their legal merits, and not according to caprice or the influence of corrupt politics. Reform in the police courts has done all this.

The reform has been simply overwhelming. Stealthy and secretive as the power of the pull was in other fields of political action, it had to come out in the open in the police courts. Records had to be kept there, and these show that it exists no more. There is one way of obtaining an accurate "line" on the former police-court pull. The amount of the fines tells the story. One of Tammany's strong points in influence was to get police-court fines reduced or remitted. The commission of crime was thus made tributary to Tammany's political success.

Here is the proof that the pull existed and that it has gone. The fines in the Court of Special Sessions for the months of July, August, and September, in 1894, Tammany régime, were $5514 50. The amount of the fines for the same months in 1895, reform régime, is $43,098 50, an increase of 700 per cent. The fines in the police courts proper for the months of July, August, and September of last year amounted to $8940. This year, for the same time, the fines in the same courts amount to $18,815, an increase of more than 100 per cent. That tells the story in bulk. When the records of the past and present are analyzed an impressive addition is made to the reform record. In the Special Sessions Court the fines for July, 1894, were $2172. In July of this year they were $7615. In August, last year, they were $1208 50; this year, in August, they were $26,848 50. In September, last year, they were $2134; this year they were $8635. Last year the fines of the First District Court, the Tombs, for the months of July, August, and September, were $1199; this year, for the same time, they were $3135. In the Second District Court, Jefferson Market, last year, the fines for the same time were $2693; this year they were $2809. This is the famous Tenderloin district, and the one place where Tammany imposed fines on those who had no political pull, and this accounts probably for the fact that there is only a small increase in the percentage of the fines in that court. In the Third District Court, Essex Market, the record last year was $2304; this year, $4447. In the Fourth District, Yorkville, the last-year record was $1228; this year it was $3197. The Fifth, Harlem, last year showed $1287; this year, $2678 50. The Sixth, Morrisania, last year, $229; this year, $549 50.

There has also been an increase in the number of cases in all these courts. In the three months under consideration last year the Special Sessions Court tried 2124 cases. This year the court tried 3375 cases. This tells a story of vigilance on the part of the police authorities and of endeavor to secure proper punishment on the part of the police magistrates, who send the cases to trial instead of dismissing them in response to the demands of a pull. The number of cases tried in the police courts proper under the new régime has not been computed, because the custom there has been to make up the records not by the month, but by the length of time each magistrate sits. As a matter of interest the writer counted the cases tried in the Essex Market Court in August of last year and the number tried in August of this year. Last year the cases numbered 1886. This year they numbered 2514. In Jefferson Market there was an increase in the same month of only a few cases. At the Tombs the clerk said that the increase had been about as large as in the Essex Market Court, and the other courts reported about the same increase.

All this explains to some extent the tremendous increase in fines. The Special Sessions increase for July shows what probably might be expected of a new broom. The overwhelming August returns show the stampede of the law-breakers for mercy. Fines for milk adulteration began to go up to $200 and $300. Violators of the law were being imprisoned. Formerly the fines for this crime averaged $25; and one of the judges in New York has a bill from a wholesaler to a retailer with a rebate on it of $25 for fine for adulterating the milk. Fines for violating the excise law went up enormously, as did the penalties for keeping places of evil resort, and for violating the sanitary code. As a result of this determined work by this court in August law violators became frightened, and the fines in September dropped to $8635, still an enormous increase over the record of last year.

Then there are other figures to show the efficiency of the new order of things. Last year, in July, August, and September, there were transferred for trial from the Court of Special Sessions to the Court of General Sessions 16 cases. This year, in the same time, the number of transferred cases is 391. Of these 391 only three occurred in July. In August these transfers numbered more than 200, and the rest occurred in September. All this tells another story. It is now known that one of the prices paid for the reorganization of these courts to the spoils politicians was a clause in the new law making it not discretionary with the Special Sessions judges to transfer cases upon request to the General Sessions, but making it mandatory.

The spoilsmen's followers didn't find this out until the new court had been in operation a month, and then there began a rush to get the cases into the General Sessions Court, which has not yet been entirely emancipated from political influences. The fact is, that by the insertion of that clause in the new bill the Special Sessions cannot try a single case if the prisoner makes objection and asks for a transfer. The rush to the other court shows that the pull is dead absolutely in Special Sessions.

There is another telltale analysis that shows the pull in a striking personal aspect in the district police courts. It may be obtained in a study of the last annual report of the police justices. This report gives a tabulation of the work for the year ending October 31, 1894, which each justice performed in the courts to which he was assigned. It shows, for example, that the notorious justice "Joe" Koch, well remembered for the astounding revelations before the Lexow committee, discharged about 71 per cent. of the excise cases brought before him. Famous "Tom" Grady, now running for State Senator on the Tammany ticket, also discharged 71 per cent. of these cases, and next in rank came "Barney" Martin, also running for State Senator this year on the Tammany ticket. He had a record of 67 per cent. of excise cases discharged. On the other hand, Justice Taintor, a Republican member of the board, held 85 per cent. of these cases, and Justice Simms, the respected Tammany member of the board, reappointed by Mayor Strong, held 70 per cent. of these cases.

A closer study of this report is instructive. Koch held court in the four chief police courts of the city. In the Tombs he heard only 17 cases all told, none of them being excise cases. In the Jefferson Market Court he discharged 84 per cent. of the excise cases he heard. In the Essex Market Court he discharged 56 per cent. of these cases, and in the Yorkville Court he discharged 74 per cent. Putting all three percentages together the average is 71. Then there is Grady's record. Of the 168 excise cases he heard in the Tombs he discharged 92, held 26, and 50 are marked "pending." It will be seen that he held really only a little more than 15 per cent. of the cases, and discharged 56 per cent. What became of the "pending" cases is not revealed. Of the 74 excise cases Grady heard in the Fourth District he discharged 64 outright, and held 10, the percentage discharged being 87. Putting the two percentages together the average is more than 71. He presided for a short time, probably one day, at the Jefferson Market Court, but heard only 98 cases, of which 80 were charges of disorderly conduct, and only three were excise cases, so that the Third District Court does not enter into the computation.

"Barney" Martin held court only in the Tombs during the year. He disposed of 7651 cases. He discharged 207 of the 308 excise cases he heard, or 67 per cent. Applying the same process of computation we find the following record in excise cases for the other judges: Hogan, 55 per cent. discharged; Feitner, 47 per cent.; Ryan, 45; McMahon, 44; Meade, machine Republican, 43; Burke, 35; Simms, 30; Voorhis, 26; Welde, 22; Taintor, Republican, 15; and, the most astonishing of all, the graduate saloon-keeper, far-famed Divver, only 14 per cent. discharged. In explanation of this surprising situation as to Divver, it should be said that he held court last year practically only in Morrisania, where court business is very light, and where there is not so much occasion for the use of the pull as in the other police courts. The excise cases he heard only numbered 130 all told.

Then there is an explanation for the rather commendable record that some of the more respectable of these Tammany judges made. The pull, it should be remembered, was not confined entirely to the police courts. Sometimes it was worked in these courts directly, and sometimes it was transferred to the Special Sessions or General Sessions courts, and put in operation there. Many cases were so strong that the police justices did not dare discharge the prisoners outright. It was easier to transfer that job to another court. There is also another explanation for this record of some of the Tammany judges. It was notorious that Tammany did enforce the excise law in certain cases. Those who had no pull had to close on Sunday, and if they didn't they had to pay the penalty. A Tammany justice rarely discharged a man for violating the excise law if Tammany wanted the man held.

The record of the justices in cases of alleged disorderly conduct also tells a tale. The pull was worked in cases of this character more than in any other, except, possibly, violations of the excise law. If Divver heads the list in a most astonishing way for good behavior in excise matters, he and Koch have the worst record in discharging persons accused of disorderly conduct. Applying the same method of computation in these cases as we used in excise cases, the records of the justices stand: Divver and Koch, discharges on accusations of disorderly conduct, 52 per cent.; Grady, second again, 50 per cent.; Welde, 46; Burke, 46; Hogan, 43; Meade, 37; McMahon, 36; Feitner, 35; Martin, 34; Ryan, 27; Simms, 23; Taintor, 15; Vorhis, 13. The record of Justice Solon B. Smith does not enter into these figures because he was so ill that practically he held no court at all.

WHAT A POLICE COURT IS LIKE.

The average citizen knows practically nothing of the scenes or business of police courts. When one visits them they seem to be places of great confusion. There is no time for open proceedings, so that every person in them may hear what is going on. Behind a desk that stretches clear across the room the magistrate sits. A space probably ten feet wide is railed off from the courtroom in front of the desk, and directly before the magistrate a little platform is built up, so that persons standing on it may use the tones of ordinary conversation in talking with the judge. The person arraigned usually stands in front of the rostrum, where he can be seen, but where he can hear little that is said about his case. Policemen, witnesses, reporters, and sometimes lawyers, crowd the rostrum.

Behind the desk, on each side of the judge, are the clerks. In front of them are the complainants in cases about to come up. A policeman tells why he has arrested his prisoner, and the clerk decides the nature and gravity of the offence, and fills up the necessary blanks. A private citizen goes through the same procedure in making complaints, and the result is that from morning to night there is a crowd in the space before the judge.

Complainants and defendants in assault cases, in petty robberies, in family rows, in neighborhood feuds; abandoned wives and children, persons who have violated the city ordinances, persons justly and unjustly accused, persons of apparent refinement and persons of hopeless degradation, the wilful of both sexes and every age—all these come before the judge. It is one long sad procession. It frequently begins with tears, and as often it ends with tears. Every form of human depravity comes up. There are cases that require tender treatment; there are others that require heroic treatment. It is a hospital for those morally ill and those morally injured. The surgeon must apply his knife and administer his remedies with lightninglike rapidity. It is a relief when the one arraigned before him is tidy and clean. That case is sure to receive special treatment. A single day's sitting in a police court room will prove to any one that cleanliness is next to godliness.

Long before the magistrate reaches his desk in the morning the line of cases is formed. He glances at the first complaint, asks a few questions of the complainant, then asks what the prisoner has to say, gives his decision, and turns to his desk to sign the paper disposing of the case. When he looks up another prisoner is before him. It is as if the new prisoner had sprung from the ground. That case is disposed of, and another prisoner springs up by magic, and so on. The magistrate sees these prisoners neither come nor go. While he is signing his name to papers they appear and disappear. The unfortunates simply march past, and judgment is given as they pass.

Frequently from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five cases are disposed of in a single day in one of these courts. That means that in a day of six hours less than four minutes can be given to a case on the average. The magistrate signs his name from two to three hundred times a day. He has no time to do more than to glance at the papers he is signing. All day long these papers keep dropping on his desk as fast as the clerks make them out, and it requires a clear brain not to confuse the cases to which he is listening with those the final disposition of which he is signing.

To a great extent the magistrate is at the mercy of his clerks. They make out the complaints according as they judge the case. The magistrate signs the commitments they fill out without being able to look at them carefully. There are more than two hundred blanks used in the business of each of these courts, and it requires experienced clerks to facilitate the business. This makes the magistrate dependent on them, and this fact had its uses when the pull was exercised.

HOW THE PULL WAS WORKED.

The police court pull was the vehicle probably of greater injustice and wrong than any other form of bad government in New York city. It would be well to recall two or three noted cases. Dr. Parkhurst had been trifled with and misled in the District Attorney's office. He could get no assistance from Delancey Nicoll, then District Attorney, and he thundered from his pulpit the declaration of war against Tammany. The Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which he was and is president, had decided to make a test case in excise matters. Six of the leading political saloon-keepers were arrested. The Parkhurst people foresaw the gravity of the move, and they fortified themselves with no less profound legal talent than that of Frederick R. Coudert, in addition to that of their own lawyers.

The cases came up before Tammany Justice McMahon in the Tombs. The liquor-dealers' lawyers asked for delay. Mr. Coudert in his most polished and agreeable manner opposed. He pointed out how valuable his time was, and how he had attended the court at great risk of his health, it being a very disagreeable day; he went on to show the strength of the evidence in the cases, and declared that no harm could come to the defendants by a hearing of which full notice had been given. McMahon heard him politely, and decided abruptly against him. Mr. Coudert never came back, and the cases dragged and dragged until they lost their value as test cases. The pull had been powerful.

Then there was the famous case of Warren Lewis, the Eighth Avenue dive-keeper. It was whispered that he was indirectly related to a man ranking second or third in influence in Tammany Hall. A warrant was asked for his arrest by the Parkhurst society for violating the excise law and for keeping a place of evil resort.

"Bring all your witnesses," said Justice Grady, the present candidate for the State Senate, and the man who once distinguished himself in a National Democratic Convention by an attack on the fame of Grover Cleveland, and who also, only last year on the stump, found no language strong enough to convey his insinuations and sneers and blatherskitic denunciations, especially when Dr. Parkhurst's name was mentioned. When the application for the Lewis warrant came up, later in the day, suddenly Lewis appeared. The pull had been in operation. To have proceeded would have been to expose the whole case right there to Lewis, protected by Tammany Hall. Finally, when one of the cases did come up, the impressive Justice Grady sternly demanded of the Parkhurst Society lawyers, who had brought the prosecution, what right they had to appear.

"Go to the District Attorney's office, and get a statement that you represent him," was Grady's order. He might as well have told them to put their heads under a guillotine. They found that they had a legal right to appear, and they fought the case out in the courts with Grady. It was a year before it reached the Court of Appeals and Grady was squelched. This side contest was the pretext for adjourning the cases against Warren Lewis indefinitely. The exhibition of this pull delighted the hearts of the Tammany workers.

Dozens of such cases occurred every month. The pull partook of the nature of the average political compact. There was no definite agreement. That might have been dangerous in its criminality. There was simply an understanding. The pull was in the air. Those who were known to have influence and those who made a show of having influence secured its benefits. It was worked through the Aldermen or Tammany district leaders and small-fry politicians. In the Essex Market Court many a time has there been a string of at least a dozen petty politicians waiting in line to get the ear of the judge in behalf of some constituent. It was a common picture also in the other courts. A long procession of the leaders often held private conferences with the judges in their rooms. Scores of cases might be entered properly on the dockets "Ward Heeler *vs.* Justice," with the heeler usually the winner.

The East Side is where the pull flourished most. Its poisonous roots thrived on the miseries of the unfortunate. Labor troubles are constant there. A spirit of personal revenge animates scores of persons when there are strikes and lock-outs. When some poor fellow had been brave enough to defy his labor organization, and had been beaten unmercifully almost in sight of a policeman, ward heelers had little difficulty in securing the release of the assailants with a small fine or a reprimand. When a drunken stevedore beat his wife or abandoned his family, he was discharged with a great show of warning by the judge, and the district leader smiled as he thought of certain votes among that man's friends. In every case where there was any possibility of securing any political advantage, the police courts were prostituted.

The pull worked also in what might be termed a negative way. It was used to prevent persons from obtaining justice. Suppose that some man who had run with the "machine" was accused of a crime of high or low degree. It was necessary for the complainant to get by certain political policemen at the court's railing to reach a judge with the complaint. Threatening politicians before that had probably made the complainant's life miserable. The Tammany policemen would almost throw the case out of court themselves. They knew when and how to do that. If the complainant insisted on going further, the hostility of some of the clerks was sure to be encountered. If further insistence was made, the hostility of the judge was frequently met. As a result there was little justice except as corrupt politics permitted.

Then there were the abuses tolerated in the courts, all for the sake of political plunder. The corrupt police made it a point to find out when a prisoner had money and when he could get money. They frightened their victims with stories about the severity of the judge. They always said they knew certain lawyers who, through political influence, could guarantee an acquittal for a certain sum, generally from ten to fifty dollars, according to the size of the victim's pocket-book. It was easy to enter only a slight charge when the clerk was filling out the complaint; it was far easier for the policeman to get confused when the lawyer would ask questions; and it was decidedly pleasant when the lawyer and the policeman met outside to divide the proceeds of the transaction after the prisoner got free. The justices probably never shared in this kind of corruption, but they tolerated the practices so that party followers might reap the benefits. The courts swarmed with these so-called lawyers. They went inside the rail and solicited business freely. They had their runners to frighten and to cajole the families of those who were in the toils. It was one vast system of petty plunder. Politics requires machines; machines require pulls; pulls require plunder.

It is pleasant to be able to say that there was one Tammany justice whose sense of right called a halt in the manner of conducting his court. He was Justice Charles E. Simms, the only Tammany man reappointed by Mayor Strong. Many persons wondered why the Mayor retained him on the bench. Perhaps because he drove the lawyers out of the inner rail and put a stop to open soliciting of so-called legal business through the policemen; perhaps because he discouraged the professional bondsmen, gave a patient hearing to any prisoner who desired to speak, infused a spirit of fair dealing into his court in spite of the entreaties of the Tammany leaders who used to visit him—perhaps because of these he was reappointed. He was the only Tammany judge to use such methods. All the magistrates now follow his example. How such a man as Simms got his original appointment through Tammany Hall, and how he came to show a spirit of firm defiance to that organization, is not the concern of this article; it is simply a matter of fairness to put his good work on record, and also to say that the other members of the Board of Magistrates are practically unanimous in declaring him not only an able and upright judge, but in acknowledging his services in starting them well in their reform-work.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE COURTS.

How are these courts conducted now? The writer spent one entire day sitting beside Magistrate Cornell in Jefferson Market Court; part of one day sitting on the benches in the Essex Market Court—his presence being unknown at the time to Magistrate Brann, who was holding court there—and the rest of the day sitting beside the magistrate; another day in the Tombs Court without revealing to Magistrate Wentworth the purposes of his visit. He learned these things: The police courts are now conducted with dignity. The pull is gone. The runners are missing. The lawyers are not allowed inside the rail until called in by some one who really desires their services. Every person brought before the judge gets a considerate hearing. There is no buffoonery by the judge so as to get his alleged witticisms into print. The rights of every person in grave cases are carefully explained to him. It is a common sight to see one of the judges lean far over his desk to catch the low syllables of those arraigned before him. Deserted wives and pale-faced children have no difficulty in reaching the judge now when some brute of a husband or father who has had a pull is still practising his vicious ways. Those who are persecuted for political or personal reasons can now get justice.

Some of the Tammany clerks left over have given valuable assistance to the new magistrates, and some are sulking and in secret rebellion. The court policemen, like the policemen through the city, are on their good behavior. There are many excellent and many honest men among them. There are many dishonest men still among them. Outwardly these give the magistrates hearty support; secretly they are annoying them and eagerly looking for the time to come when they can again use their places to obtain money improperly. One sees these policemen in the Tombs, Jefferson Market, and Essex Market court squads. They are doubtless to be found in the other courts. The magistrates are gradually beginning to know them. It is probable that soon the Police Commissioners will be asked to make many changes in the squads, so that this part of the police court machinery may also be purified.

LIFE AND LETTERS

FOR some time past I have noticed in print and parlance a disposition of the American people to abandon their national speech and conform to the usage of a portion of the British nation who write and speak a certain prevalent dialect of the English language. It is by no means with a wish to censure this tendency that I venture to ask the attention of the reader to some curious facts concerning it.

I.

I confess that I have never been a lover of our accent, and that if I must choose I should prefer the British gobble to the American snuffle, but it is not a question of this, now, for except upon our stage, where the English accent is used, with lapses, from time to time, into the player's native Pike, Virginian, New York, or Massachusetts accent, I find little or nothing of the tendency I have mentioned. It is true that you now and then meet a young person who dawnces, and is very earnest about his bawth, but as yet the general are quite unaffected in the length and breadth of their vowels by the change that has attacked the American vocabulary in its strongest point. This was the retention of the biblical and classical word *sick*, against all the accumulated usage of the modern English in saying *ill*, when they were not well. I should not personally insist upon the biblical and classical word, for I am not of those who think that any change in others can be stayed by one's own non-conformity. It has come to pass with me, indeed, that I cannot say *sick* without consciousness, though I cannot say *ill* without a certain sense of expatriation. I am therefore in that middle state which fits me to observe without passion and without prejudice the neologistic struggles of my fellow-countrymen in the presence of the strange vocable. It is still strange with nearly all of us who were born, say, twenty-five years ago; but many younger people say *ill* naturally, and the word has gone far to Americanize itself with all ages and classes among us; it is not merely the polite and the corrupt whom you find ill; very many of the poor and virtuous are no longer sick. Indeed, wherever the Sunday newspaper spreads the contagion of culture, in town or country, its reader is trying to be ill, when he is unwell. Within a generation, I venture to prophesy, we shall have no sick in what flattering orators call our fair land.

Of course we cannot be English without being more English than the English are, and one often finds Americans, now, who have been ill at sea, while the Englishmen who made the same bad passage were merely sick. In fact the English used to object to the word when we used it to describe a land-going condition, and asked sarcastically if we meant seasick, for they never used the word except for nausea. When Punch's Channel-steward sang—

> "A man's an ass that's sick at sea;
> At him I do deride;
> But woman is a tender flower,
> And delicate inside"—

he would probably not have dreamed that we should so soon have bettered his diction on his own waters, as it were. But this merely goes to show the truth of what I often feel: that the Americans can outdo any people in any department if they give their minds to it. How much our purists now outdo the English in the use of their word ill may be seen from the fact that some of us now say an *ill woman*, an *ill child*, or an *ill cow*, as the case may be, which I do not think an Englishman has ever yet done. In his arrested development he would still say a sick woman, a sick child, a sick cow. It was only a month ago that I found one of our cleverest young authors writing in a magazine paper of one of his fellow-travellers as "a very ill man," and I had no sooner made up my mind always to do the same, upon occasion, thereafter, than I came upon this scare-head in a New York paper:

MRS. V—— H——, WHO DESERTED HER
ILL HUSBAND FOR A COLORED MAN,
WAS FOUND DEAD.

This gave me pause, and I suppose I shall still lag along with the English, who would have said a very sick man, and a sick husband.

II.

I am a little at a loss to know just how we should improve upon the English if we ever took to saying *directly* and *immediately* for *as soon as*, and *once* for *when once*, and *different to* for *different from*. But I think I can safely trust the national genius to triumph in this field as in all others. We seized upon the British word *smart* to express extreme fashion, and used it till every one is now sick of it, or ill of it; but we are on the watch for any other vocables and accents of theirs. I will not say how widespread is our conformity in saying *yther* and *nyther* for *either* and *neither*, for I do not know, and I only wish that the question could be made mandatory in the collection of facts for the next United States Census. But I suspect that it will soon be as archaic to say either and neither as to say *obleege;* I used to hear old-fashioned people pronounce *oblige* so in my boyhood, and I believe Lord Russell pronounced it so to the end of his life, though he must have been in a disheartening minority toward the last.

I wonder whether we get from the English our new tendency to be very scrupulous in saying *natyure, featyure, ventyure*, instead of *nachur, feachur, ventchur*, as we had said, in an equally fine abhorrence from *natur, featur, ventur*, which were doubtless once good usage too. If we do, I am sure they will never be able to match the purism of the American who says *teatyure* and *preatyure* in his anxiety to avoid the vulgarism of *teacher* and *preacher*. While I am in the pursuit of this inquiry I should like to ask whether we still universally say *gurl* for *girl*, or whether some of us are not now beginning to say *gairl?* Or, what ought an American maiden who is about to marry an English nobleman to call herself: a *gurl*, as she would to her gurl friends, or a *gairl*, as her proud mother might in describing her to her betrothed; or should she strive for the sound of the French diphthong and say *gueurl*, as the English actresses do? This is something important for our gurls, gairls, gueurls to consider.

III.

It is a far more vital question, indeed, than that question of spelling traveler *traveller*, honor *honour*, jail *gaol*, and the like, which is now becoming rather poignant under the operation of the international copyright law. The immense majority of Americans still follow the American usage, but I cannot deny that the English usage is beginning to find followers among us, and I am myself so far corrupted that I am not able to denounce the recreants as they perhaps merit. I remember once hearing Dr. Holmes talk of that matter of the American spelling, which he frankly called provincial, and a mere difference from the English standard without logic or reason. He was asking that in his contributions to the Atlantic Monthly we should print *traveller* and *reveller*, and so on, he did not go so far as to exact *labour* and *favour* from us, and of course we met his wish. But when once an English contributor complained that we had printed mould *mold* for him, and entreated that it might be printed mould in his articles to follow, I proudly answered that nobody should have a u in his mold in the Atlantic Monthly while I could keep it out.

Now I think I was wrong, and I see without indignation so good an American house as the Appletons letting the English authors have their way with their spelling, when they reprint them. Of course this is more liberal than an English house would be with American authors; it would be quite impossible for one of us to be printed in England without a u in his mold; but Messrs. Appleton are right all the same, and I should not grieve if we all conformed to the English standard of orthography, since they are too wrong-headed to conform to ours. If there were any principle at stake, I should grieve very much, but there is no principle whatever. I think it is more reasonable to spell the debatable words as we spell them, but it is not so much more reasonable as to justify us in the diversity. If it were the beginning of a spelling reform, I would not abandon it, but it is nothing of the kind. It is simply a difference of drawing in the species of picture-writing which our orthography really is. So long as we spell tough, and through, and cough and thought and though, as we do, what can we possibly gain by drawing traveller *traveler*, and honour *honor*, and phial *vial?* We may say that the English drawing is archaic, but that is not true if all the present millions of British subjects draw these words so. Or if it is archaic in a certain sense, why our orthography is nothing but a mass of tradition, anyhow, a mere heap of usage. At every moment it insults the reason and outrages common-sense, and it is not worth while to insist upon varying it without meaning to better it.

Perhaps it would have been well long ago, or when we separated from England, to have established an American orthography of the language, as Webster suggested; but since nothing of the kind was done, and we have gradually refused or disused nearly all the changes he proposed in our spelling, we need not be very strenuous about the half-dozen words he persuaded us to write differently from the English. No doubt when we really give our minds to spelling our words instead of drawing them as we do now, we shall beat the English as thoroughly as we do now in the use of ill for sick.

W. D. HOWELLS.

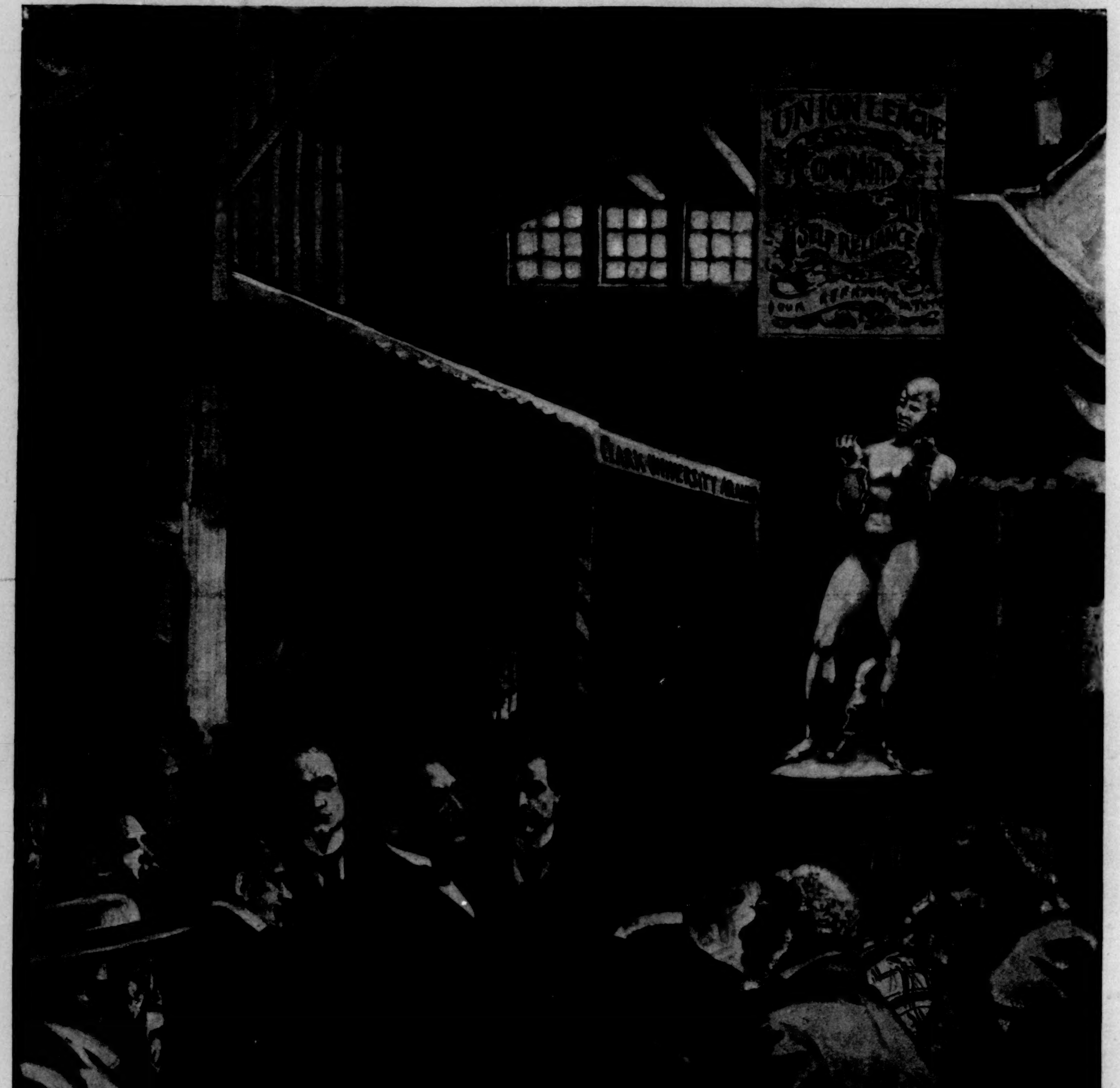
THE PRESIDENT AT ATLANTA.

IT was announced beforehand that President Cleveland's visit to the Atlanta Exposition should have no political significance, and, contrary to most precedents when such a proclamation is made, the event justified the announcement. The President was accompanied by a majority of the members of his cabinet, and although their stay in the capital city was but a brief one, it was crowded with constant and continuous expressions of Southern hospitality, and the number of persons who shook the hand of the nation's Executive may be reckoned high into the thousands.

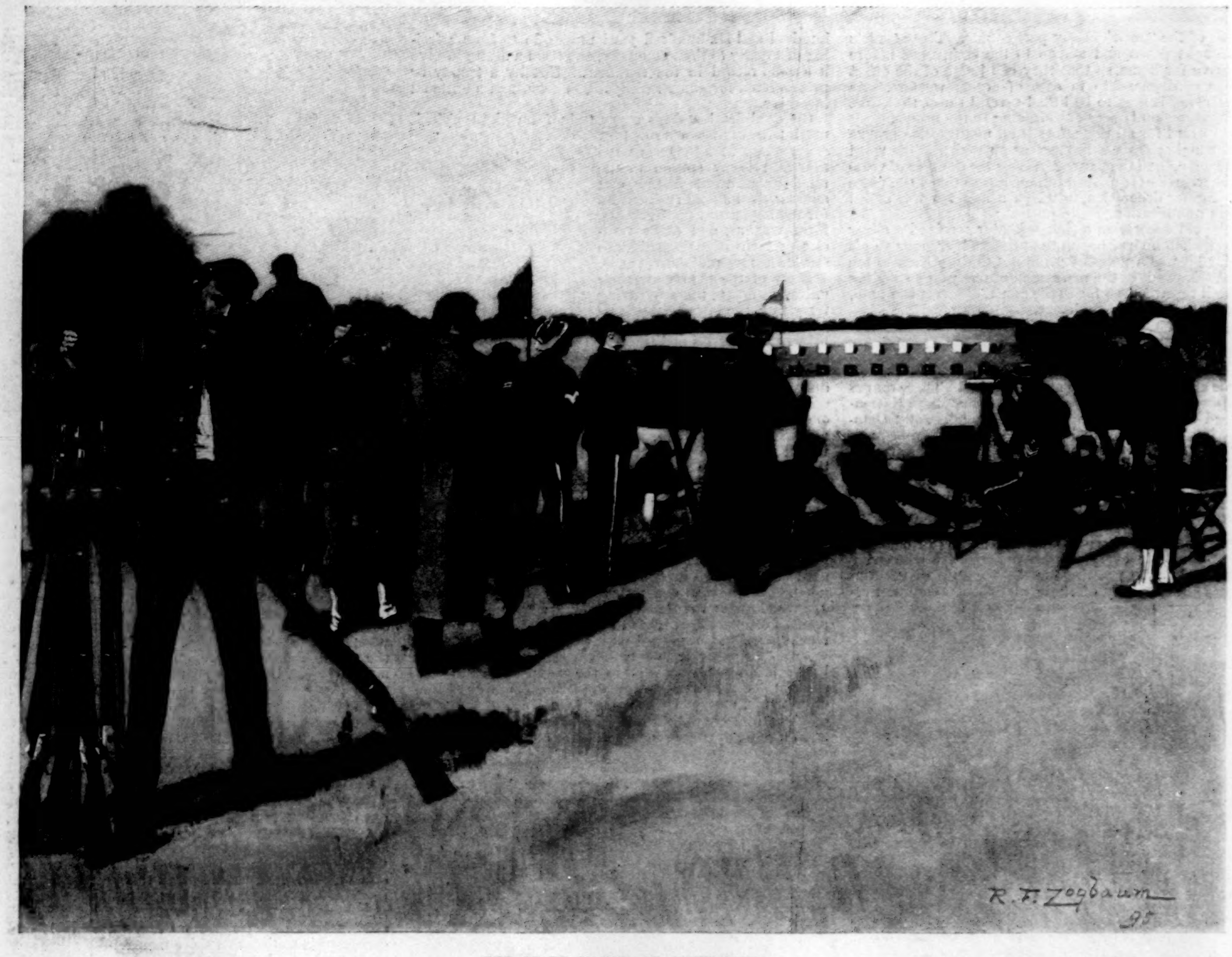
The visit to the exposition grounds was made by the Presidential party on Wednesday, the 23d, and the journey through the streets of Atlanta was made the occasion of as brilliant a pageant as has been seen there in many a year. The parade of military and civic organizations was reviewed by the President from the United States Building, in front of which he afterwards made a speech.

The burden of Mr. Cleveland's remarks was of the great advantages to be derived from free labor in a free country, and he asserted that the exhibition itself in all its magnitude was a proof of the value and power of work performed by freemen. In closing he said: "If we are to enjoy the blessings our government was framed to fairly and justly bestow, we shall secure them in good time by cultivating a spirit of broad American brotherhood, and insisting upon such conduct as will, within the spirit of the golden rule, promote the general welfare."

At the close of the address the crush of people to shake the President's hand was so great that the police and the military were unable to control it, and several women were crushed, and fainted. When the crowd's appetite for executive hand-pressure had been satisfied, Mr. Cleveland made a tour of the grounds. He showed especial interest in the exhibit in the Negro Building, which was packed with excited colored citizens, who pressed about him in their frantic desire to catch a close view of the nation's highest official. The articles exposed in this building consist almost entirely of household and agricultural implements manufactured by negroes. The furniture in some instances makes considerable claim to artistic merit and finish, while the carriages and wagons exposed are of the same models and design as those in other parts of the exposition. A life-size statue in plaster of a shackled slave is the most prominent feature of the art section, and is the work of a Washington negro. In one department is to be seen a large number of specimens of basket-work, the manufacture of negroes in Africa. The Presidential party returned to Washington the same evening.


UNION LEAGUE
SELF RELIANCE
CLARK UNIVERSITY ATLANTA
W. A. ROGERS.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE NEGRO BUILDING AT THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1037.]



THE STATE MATCH AT CREEDMOOR.

RIFLE-SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.

BY H. G. PAINE,
First Lieutenant, Twelfth Infantry, N. G. N. Y.

Illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum.

SO long as troops are armed with the rifle, knowing how to shoot will continue to be one of the most important qualifications of a good soldier. This is especially true to-day, when the improvements in fire-arms and in ammunition will cause a great deal of the fighting in modern warfare to be done at long ranges.

To be sure, there is happily little likelihood of our army and National Guard being called to do active service in the field at present, or for a long time to come, but events of the past few years have shown that unfortunately there is likely to be an increasing need of their services in suppressing rioting, until the economic conditions which give rise to it have become otherwise adjusted.

No State has appreciated these facts more thoroughly than New York, and in view of the manner in which the lesson has recently been brought home to it at Buffalo and Brooklyn, it may be interesting to note what is being done every summer at the rifle range at Creedmoor to increase the efficiency of the State troops.

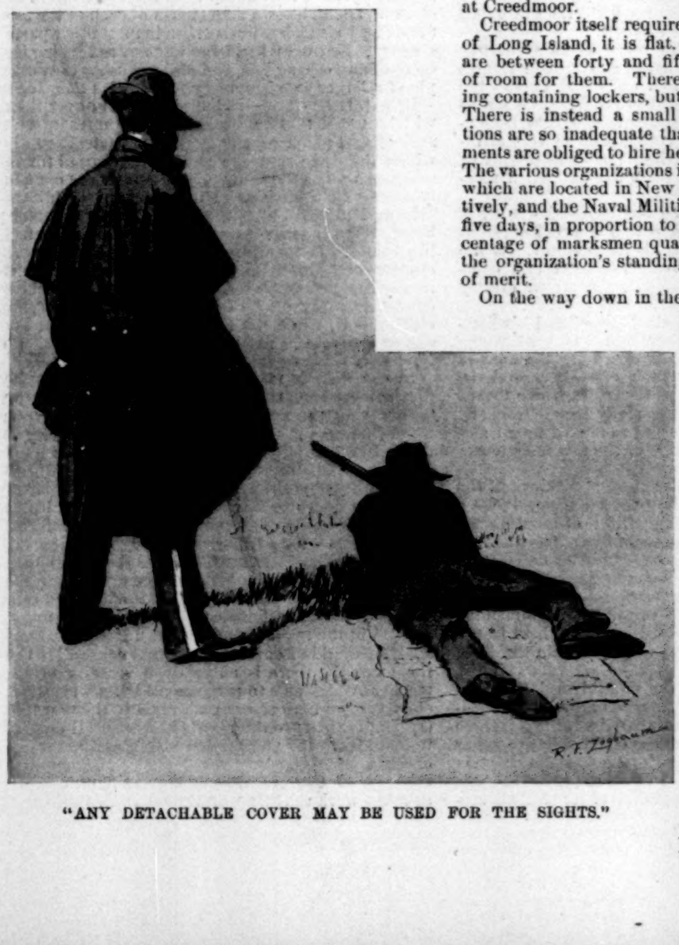
There is hardly a week-day in May or June that one or other of the National Guard armories in New York and Brooklyn is not the scene of early morning activity. At half past six or at seven the assembly sounds, and there is a rush of belated members to fall in their places to answer to roll-call by the first sergeants. A hurried formation, and the field-officer in command gives the order "*Fours right*, MARCH." The field-music, if there is any, strikes up, and the detachment of about two hundred men in fatigue uniform swings into column, and proceeds by the most expeditious route to the Long Island Railroad station, and thence by special train to the State rifle range at Creedmoor.

Creedmoor itself requires no description. Like the rest of Long Island, it is flat. There is grass there. There are between forty and fifty targets, and there is plenty of room for them. There is also room for a large building containing lockers, but the large building is not there. There is instead a small building, and the accommodations are so inadequate that the various "shooting" regiments are obliged to hire headquarters outside the grounds. The various organizations in the First and Second brigades, which are located in New York city and Brooklyn respectively, and the Naval Militia, are each assigned from one to five days, in proportion to their membership, and the percentage of marksmen qualified on those days determines the organization's standing according to the State figure of merit.

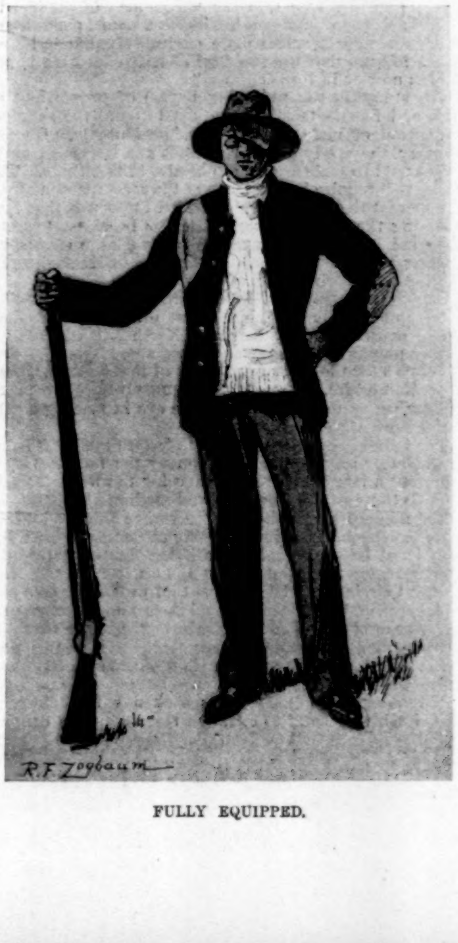
On the way down in the train the regimental Inspector of Rifle Practice assigns each company a proportionate number of targets, and on their arrival at the grounds the troops are marched at once to the one-hundred-yard range, where practice begins. Five shots are allowed each man, and he must make a score of fifteen or better, off-hand, out of a possible twenty-five, to entitle him to compete for the State marksmanship decoration. To win this a minimum score of thirty out of a possible fifty must be obtained at the two-hundred and three-hundred yard ranges; and a score of fifteen out of twenty-five kneeling or sitting at two hundred yards is required before one can shoot in a prone position over the longer distance. If a man does not make the required score in the first five shots he is allowed immediately to shoot another string. If still unsuccessful he must make way for the next man; and when all assigned to a target have shot, the unsuccessful aspirants are granted such further opportunities for practising as the time will allow.

The hour from twelve to one is allowed for luncheon, and the "wise" soldiers who have brought with them the "one day's rations" mentioned in orders picnic about on the grass, while the "unwise" repair to the restaurant on the grounds, or to one of the two or three just outside, where a nourishing meal is thrown at them for a moderate price.

Volley firing follows the individual practice, each company firing, under command of its own officers, at targets representing a number of men standing in single rank in the position of "aim." Volleys are fired at from one hundred to three hundred yards, and every shot hit-



"ANY DETACHABLE COVER MAY BE USED FOR THE SIGHTS."



FULLY EQUIPPED.

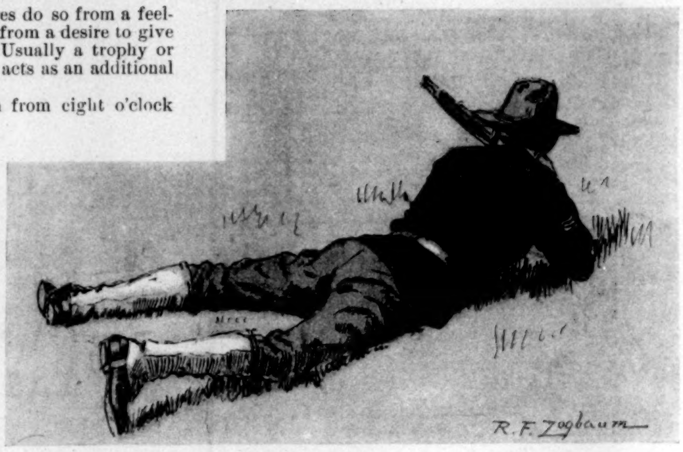
ting one of the "men" in any part counts. These targets are brought down and shown to the companies before they leave for home, so that they can judge of the effect of their marksmanship in case of actual warfare. As every "man" is seen to be killed several times, the effect of this inspection is very encouraging to the troops.

The reward for all this effort is an unattractive bronze medal hanging from a bronze bar on which is the word "Marksman," and the figure denoting the number of years that the wearer has qualified. This medal takes the place of the former decoration, to which a new bar was added for each qualification.

In the old decoration a sharp-shooter received a silver bar, and when he had begun to put the silver steps to his "ladder" it was a point of pride not to drop back to the bronze. Nowadays the marksman of one year's standing is as well rewarded, so far as the casual observer can note, as the best shot in the regiment.

To become a sharp-shooter a marksman must make a score of at least forty-two out of a possible fifty at the five-hundred and six-hundred yard ranges, obtaining a minimum of twenty at the five hundred before he is allowed to woo the elusive twenty-two at six hundred. These ranges are thrown open for practice to all members of the National Guard on Saturdays in August, September, and October, and any guardsman who has previously qualified as a marksman can practise as often as his turn comes around. The shorter ranges are open on most of these Saturdays to enable members who could not come down with their commands, or who could not qualify on their first trial, to earn the marksmanship decoration.

Company rivalry is probably the strongest motive that works to produce sharp-shooters. There is of course a number of men in every military organization who enjoy shooting, and who practise for the pleasure of it. But probably the majority of those who shoot over the five-hundred and six-hundred yard ranges do so from a feeling of loyalty to their company, and from a desire to give it a good record in the regiment. Usually a trophy or prize offered for annual competition acts as an additional incentive.



A "WARMER."

On qualification days every train from eight o'clock until two carries a crowd of eager guardsmen to Queens, the nearest railway station to the range, about a mile distant, and on its arrival a mad rush ensues for the haphazard market vans, farm wagons, and other vehicles, which are pressed into service as means of conveyance.

Many of the men wear their uniforms down, thereby saving ferry fare, the laws of the State granting free passage over all bridges and ferries and through all toll-gates to National Guardsmen going to or returning from duty. But the habitués, the crack shots, "team" men, and coaches generally keep their uniforms at the range. They would excite too much attention if they wore them on the street. The regulations prescribe that all shooting shall be done in uniform—blouse, trousers, cap, and belt complete; but they do not assign any age limit to these garments and equipments. The result is that anything that is too bad to be worn in the armory is good enough for Creedmoor, and when it has seen about six summers' hard service there in the sun and rain it is still just as good. A man who can resurrect an old coat of a style discarded about the time of the civil war, and sew large patches of chamois-skin on the elbows, with a pad on the right shoulder, is regarded with envy.

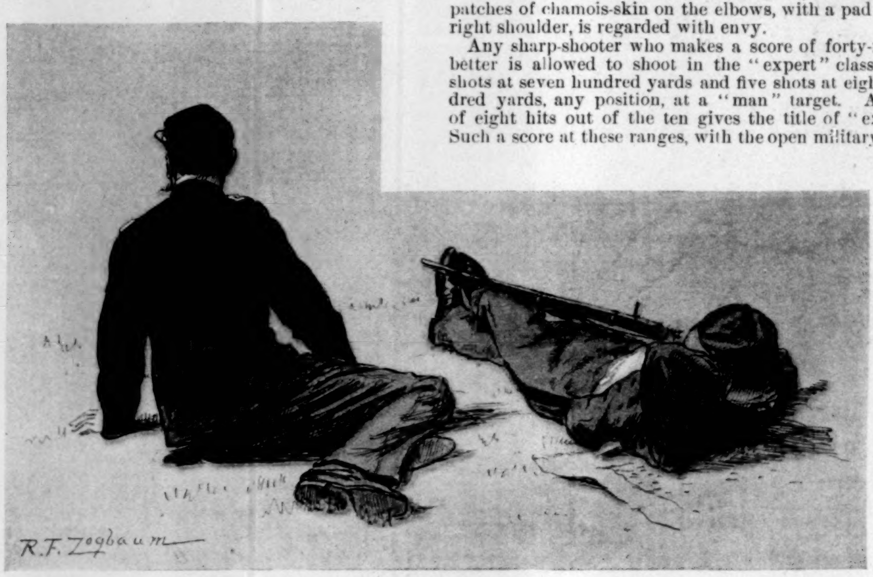
Any sharp-shooter who makes a score of forty-five or better is allowed to shoot in the "expert" class—five shots at seven hundred yards and five shots at eight hundred yards, any position, at a "man" target. A score of eight hits out of the ten gives the title of "expert." Such a score at these ranges, with the open military sight, requires a high degree of marksmanship, a clear eye, a firm hand, and a steady nerve. Three days are usually set aside for expert practice.

A further stimulus to marksmanship is given by the State, First Brigade, Second Brigade, Governor's, and Adjutant-General's matches. The first three are shot for by teams of twelve men, representing the different regiments, over the two-hundred, three-hundred, five-hundred, and six-hundred yard ranges. All three matches are shot at once. The teams are allowed one hour at each range in which to shoot two strings. The first string counts on the brigade match score, and the second on the State match score. Until last year the Seventh and the Twenty-third Regiments were the two strong shooting regiments of the State, each usually winning its brigade trophy, and running a close race for the State trophy—bronzes, valued at one hundred and three hundred dollars respectively.

In 1894, however, the Twelfth Regiment came to the front, winning the State match, with the Seventh and Twenty-third regiments following in the order named. This year the same regiment won the First Brigade match, but lost the State trophy to the Brooklyn champions, with the gallant Seventh third in the race, and the Seventy-first a close fourth. The Governor's Cup is offered for individual competition in a match that partakes of the nature of a skirmish run. It was won this year by a member of the Thirteenth Separate Company of Jamestown.

A new match this year was the Adjutant General's, established by Major-General McAlpin. It is open for competition to teams of three men representing any company or the field staff and non-commissioned staff of any regiment of the National Guard of the State. Company I of the Twenty-third Regiment has the honor of putting forth the first winning team, with the field staff and non-commissioned staff of the Twelfth Regiment second, and Company B, Twelfth Regiment, third. The distances are three hundred yards standing, and eight hundred yards any position, ten shots at each distance.

Opportunities for team practice are afforded on week days after August 1st. The Third and Fourth Brigades, with headquarters at Albany and Buffalo, also have convenient ranges.



ONE WAY OF SIGHTING.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

SECOND PAPER.—SALARIES.

BY F. W. HEWES.

IN confirmation of the conclusion reached in the first paper may be quoted the opinion of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education: "It is probably true that the willingness of women to accept lower wages has induced school committees to engage their services more exclusively, but it by no means follows that the standard of true education is not as high now as in former times."

The study (in the preceding paper) of proportions of male and female teachers employed found the smallest proportion of male teachers in Massachusetts. On the contrary, the study of salaries finds the largest monthly wages paid to male teachers to be also in that State. The reader will require but a glance at the accompanying map to note that the largest circle printed thereon is that representing the salary of male teachers in Massachusetts. A second glance shows a group of five large circles, including three of the States contiguous to Massachusetts and the neighboring State of New Jersey.

General Averages.—This group of large circles, overlapping as they do, has a sort of cumulative effect which marks the New England (North Atlantic) section as that paying the largest average wage. The fact that the circles for the other four States of that section (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Pennsylvania) are much smaller, seems to be ignored by the eye in making a general survey of the map.

The individual circles of the "Western section," being considerably separated, fail to convey the fact that they represent a larger general average for the whole section than do those of the New England section.

The miniature map showing "Average Salaries by Sections" aids somewhat in correcting these impressions, but would not be wholly adequate if the figures stating the averages were not printed with the circles; for the New England circle looks larger than that in the Western section, because the Western circle has so much unoccupied space around it. The figures, however, show that the average monthly wage of male teachers is nearly nine dollars greater, and that of female teachers sixteen dollars greater, in the West.

Wages of Females.—Going back now to State comparisons, it is natural to examine the conditions existing in Massachusetts first, because of the extreme difference in the proportion of male and female teachers so graphically shown in the first map, and because that State carries the largest circle on this map. That is, it carries the largest circle representing salaries of male teachers. No other State, however, shows so great a difference between its two circles. The figures printed within the circles show that male teachers receive an average of $118 07 per month, while females receive only $48 17, a difference of nearly $70 in favor of the male teacher.

In Massachusetts.—This difference is more clearly brought out by means of the male and female figures standing against equally graduated wage scales below the map. The difference in the height of the figures is not as great as in the height of the proportion figures accompanying the first paper. The comparison is very striking, however, when one recalls how the little pygmy of male *proportion* has grown to such a giant when measured by the salary he receives.

It will be noticed too that he has unrolled the scroll which he held closed in the proportion comparison, so as to display the figures indicating his large salary. If the female figure seemed impressively dignified and overpowering in the former comparison, she seems greatly subordinated and dwarfed in the present instance.

Before leaving the State of "baked beans" and intellectual progress, it is but fair to the "school-ma'ms" to say that if they would only "pool their earnings," they would again turn the tables on their male coworkers, and the comparison would be as shown on the scales, which means that the aggregate earnings of the many female teachers, at their much smaller wage, amount to almost four times as much as the aggregate earnings of the few male teachers at their much larger salary.

This figure, representing the aggregate earnings of the female teachers, may perhaps be excused if she looks a little less demure than in the comparison of monthly salaries (under the map); and if the male figure has dropped a little of his severity, and appears somewhat dejected at the sudden turn of affairs, it is not strange. Nor is it to be wondered at that he has quickly rolled up his new scroll, and the female figure may certainly be commended for considerately putting the recording sheet held in her hands under the blank one, so as not to trouble the little fellow too much.

In Other States.—While the monthly salary of female teachers is so much less than that of males in Massachusetts, yet it is a large wage compared with the average of the whole country, and is exceeded by only five other States—Rhode Island ($49 11), Colorado ($50 86), Nevada ($63 86), California ($66 20), and Arizona ($74 45). The "school-ma'm" of Arizona is the tallest sister of the household, and considerably outmeasures the Massachusetts girl by the wage scales, as seen below the map.

The "little sister" of the whole family ($21 43), and also the "little brother" ($24), are both located in North Carolina, and are also both pictured in the wage-scale measurement with the other notable children. These pygmies of North Carolina have the comfort of a much nearer approach to equality than their colaborers in many other States. The two map circles of each of the Southern States vary much less in size than in most other parts of the country. Kentucky furnishes wage rates varying less than those of any other State, and also furnishes the only example of a larger average salary for females than for males.

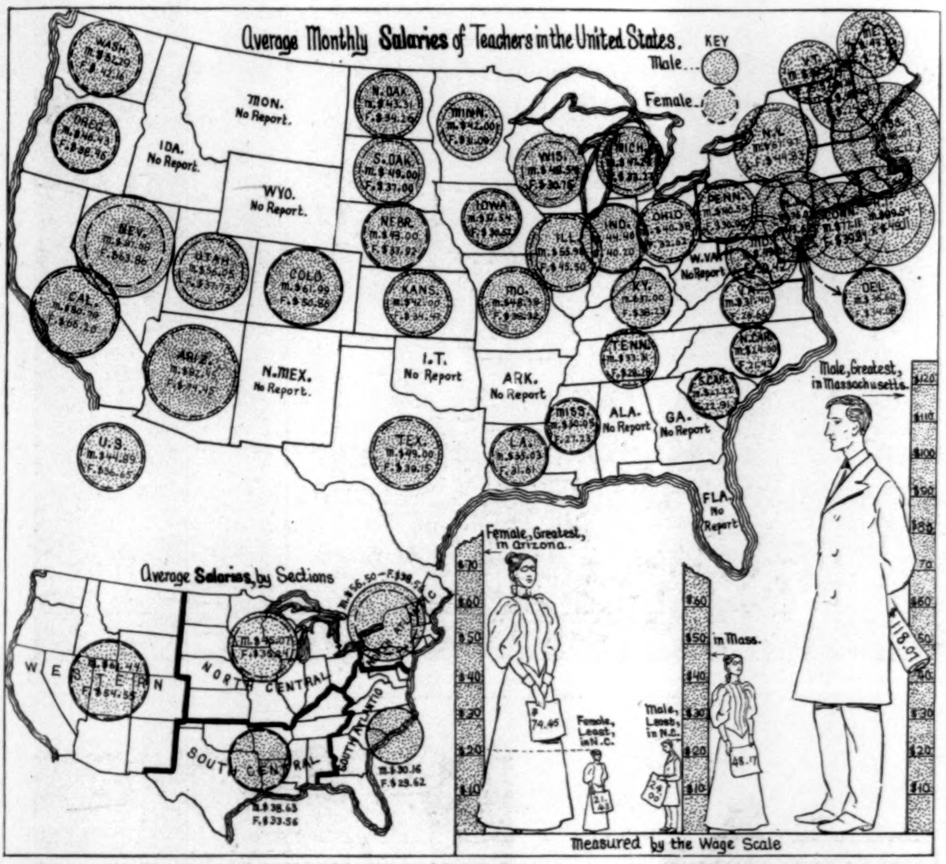
Rural Districts.—In running the eye over the map it will be noted that in general those States most nearly agricultural (such as the Southern States) are those in which the wage rates are more nearly equal for the two sexes, as well as those in which the rates are comparatively smaller than in either manufacturing or mining States.

In agricultural States the proportion of the total population living in cities is much smaller than in manufacturing States. It therefore follows that the proportion of city teachers is much smaller in agricultural States than in manufacturing States. In the New England section over thirty per cent. of the teachers are employed in city schools, while the South Atlantic section has only eleven per cent., and the South Central Division only a little over six per cent. so employed.

In city schools male teachers are chiefly employed to fill the more responsible positions. This brings to view a reason why the average wage of males is greater than that of females in those States having large city population. In all employments those persons who fill positions of responsibility receive large pay as compared with those in subordinate positions. In rural districts it is very rare that more than one teacher is employed, and hence there is not any division of responsibility, and therefore not the natural reason for a difference of pay on that account.

The Larger Salaries.—While the foregoing consideration shows why the wage of male teachers is greater than that of females in certain States, it does not explain why both male and female teachers receive so much larger salaries in the manufacturing and mining States. A full analysis would discover several local causes. In the West, for example, there is naturally a scarcity of desirable teachers, which acts to produce a higher wage rate. The chief general reasons are undoubtedly the two following. (1) The ordinary wage rate is higher in all employments in manufacturing and mining States, and naturally teachers share in this larger general wage. The more important cause is: (2) City teachers, on the average, do nearly twice as much work as their "brethren" in rural districts. An

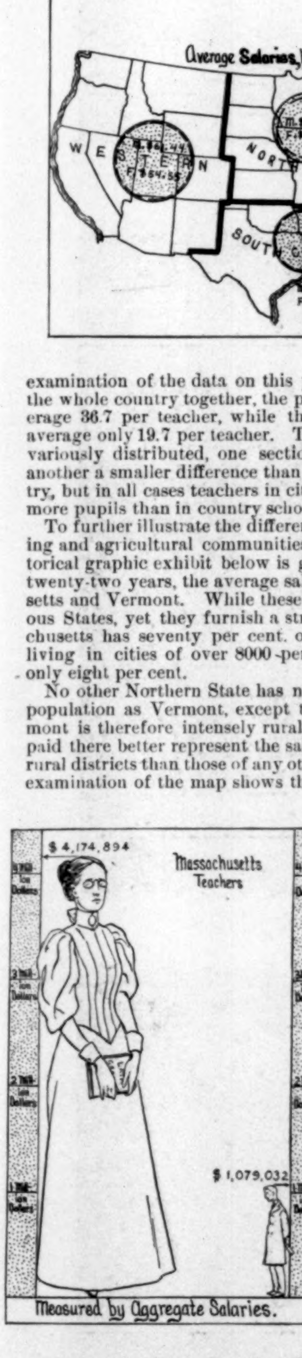
Note.—The figures and facts used in the preparation of this paper, as in the first paper, are drawn from the "Report of the Commissioner of Education" of the United States for 1894, and the earlier "Reports" immediately preceding it. The recent publication, since these papers were prepared, of the Report of 1895 corroborates the conclusions reached herein.



examination of the data on this point shows that, taking the whole country together, the pupils in city schools average 36.7 per teacher, while those in country schools average only 19.7 per teacher. This average is of course variously distributed, one section having a larger and another a smaller difference than that for the whole country, but in all cases teachers in city schools average many more pupils than in country schools.

To further illustrate the difference between manufacturing and agricultural communities in this regard the historical graphic exhibit below is given. It compares, for twenty-two years, the average salaries paid in Massachusetts and Vermont. While these two States are contiguous States, yet they furnish a striking contrast. Massachusetts has seventy per cent. of its entire population living in cities of over 8000 persons, and Vermont has only eight per cent.

No other Northern State has nearly as small an urban population as Vermont, except the two Dakotas. Vermont is therefore intensely rural, and hence the salaries paid there better represent the salaries paid to teachers in rural districts than those of any other Northern State. An examination of the map shows that but five States report smaller salaries for male teachers, and they are all among the rural States of the South.



In Maine (another agricultural State) during the same twenty-two years represented on the diagram, the salaries of males were nearly the same as in Vermont, while those of females were smaller, except for the last two years.

An interesting feature of the diagram is the emphasis given to the fact that the pay of male teachers in Massachusetts has been very large comparatively for many years. The upper line of dots, "Male in Massachusetts," runs so much higher than the other lines in the diagram that the fact mentioned cannot escape even a casual glance. A second interesting fact is represented by the crossing of the two lines of dots portraying the salaries of female teachers in Massachusetts and male in Vermont. By this crossing of lines it is shown that since 1877 female teachers in Massachusetts have received larger pay than males in Vermont.

PANIC OF 1873.—Incidentally another interesting record appears in the history presented in the diagram. It will be noticed that two important financial events are specially indicated on the diagram. It will also be noted that the lines of dots which portray the rates of wages show reductions of salaries following the financial panic of 1873, and an increase following the resumption of specie payments. This fact is equally noticeable in the records of the salaries paid in all of the New England States. Nor was this effect confined to New England. It spread over the whole country, even including the Southern States, as appears even more clearly in the next paper, on "Expenditure." Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, in 1878 speaks of the "unusual pecuniary embarrassment to all the schools of the South."

The study of this historical increase and decrease becomes the more interesting in detail. Tracing the course of the upper line of dots, it is readily seen that the salaries of males in Massachusetts increased rapidly from 1871 to 1873. The 1874 dot stands almost on a level with that of 1873, showing but a trifle of increase. From that date on each succeeding dot takes a lower and yet lower position, showing a steady and rapid decline, until the resumption of specie payments (1879). The 1880 dot is almost on a level with its predecessor, and following that date the increase was remarkable to 1885, since which date it has greatly fluctuated, but at a much higher average than at any previous period. The variations in the salaries of females in Massachusetts show scarcely any reduction during the "panic period," and a considerable gain since its close.

The two Vermont lines correspond with each other much more closely than those of Massachusetts, both as to decline during the "panic period" and increase since its close. The other New England States record decrease and increase of salaries paid to male teachers, corresponding very closely to those shown by the "Male in Vermont" line of dots. The variations in salaries paid to female teachers in the other New England States are best represented by the "Female in Massachusetts" line of dots on the diagram. Therefore the Vermont line for males and the Massachusets line for females may be regarded as typical of the history of salaries paid to male and female teachers in New England during the period covered by the diagram (1870–91).

CITY SALARIES.—To illustrate the difference of pay to male and female teachers in city schools the following table is inserted:

HIGHEST COMPARABLE SALARIES IN GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

	Paid to Principals.		Proportional pay of females.
	Male.	Female.	
Birmingham, Alabama	$1300	$1300	100%
Trenton, New Jersey	1500	750	50%
Peoria, Illinois	1500	800	53%
Portland, Maine	1500	1000	67%
Rochester, New York	1500	1250	83%
Syracuse, New York	1600	850	53%
Atlanta, Georgia	1600	1410	88%
Salem, Massachusetts	1800	1500	82%
Dayton, Ohio	1800	1600	89%
Worcester, Massachusetts	2000	1400	70%
	Paid to First Assistants.		
Reading, Pennsylvania	500	450	90%
Dallas, Texas	675	675	100%
Baltimore, Maryland	900	672	75%
New Haven, Connecticut	1000	600	60%
Newark, New Jersey	1200	1000	83%
Cincinnati, Ohio	1500	800	53%
Boston, Massachusetts	2280	1060	47%

The salaries given in the table above are in each case the highest paid to male and female teachers performing the same duties in grammar-schools, so far as can be ascertained from the data available. These examples are gleaned from the reports of salaries paid in sixty-nine cities. Many of the reports do not separately state the salaries paid to male and female teachers, and some of those that do, do not furnish examples of salaries paid to male and female teachers of the same rank, so that a fair comparison could not be made except in case of the seventeen cities included in the table.

In two cities (both in Southern States) equal pay is given in the grades cited, and the list of salaries paid in other grades indicates that no difference is made in the pay of male and female teachers in those cities. In all the other cases cited above, females receive smaller pay than males, the proportional pay being stated in the third column of the table. As might naturally be inferred from the State records, the smallest proportional pay of females (47 per cent.) is found in Boston, Massachusetts, although it is to be noted that the absolute pay ($1080) is larger than that indicated for any other female first assistant of the list.

THE MEASURE OF SALARIES.—In comparing the salaries paid in various sections it is needful to bear in mind that cost of living should be taken into account. For example, in California, Nevada, and Arizona the cost of living is higher than in agricultural States. The same is true of those Eastern States paying the larger salaries, for, as already shown, those larger salaries are chiefly due to the greater proportion of city teachers employed, and living in cities is more expensive than living in the country.

A bread-and-butter measure of the salaries of teachers throughout the country shows that the pay received varies but little from that of persons employed in the commoner avocations. As in the case of persons employed in most other ways, so in the case of teachers—a considerable part of the year brings no income. In other employments the periods of enforced idleness are very irregular, dependent on weather, the state of trade, and many other causes. With teachers they are uniform, varying with locality, but always occurring every year.

The highest average salary ($118 07 per month, in Massachusetts) means only $1181 per year, counting the school year at ten months. The lowest rate ($21 43, in North Carolina) means only $214 per year. Suppose the former be taken to represent the pay in city schools and the latter in country schools? Then it must be remembered that only about one-seventh of the whole number of teachers are employed in city schools, teaching an average of nine and a half months per year. The other six-sevenths teach only about five and three-fourths months on the average. These related items will enable the reader to more readily comprehend the easily ascertained fact that the average annual salary of all teachers is a trifle less than $260.

One must remember that teachers, like other folks, must eat, wear clothes, and find shelter for the whole year. Now there are fifty-two weeks in a year, and $5 per week for fifty-two weeks means exactly $260. It therefore amounts to this: The average pay of the teachers in our schools furnishes them with the sum of $5 per week for all of their expenses.

It would seem incredible to the city reader, used to the larger wage rates, that this conclusion is correct, only because facts are such stubborn things. He may, however, readily make the computation for himself by a simple sum in division. The latest "Report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States" gives on page 29 the entire amount paid during the year for "salaries of teachers *and superintendents*" as $95,791,630, and on page 16 gives the total number of teachers as 368,791. The result of the division ($260) is somewhat too large, because the amount of salaries given includes the salaries of superintendents, while the divisor includes the number of teachers only, but is the closest approximation practicable with the data available.

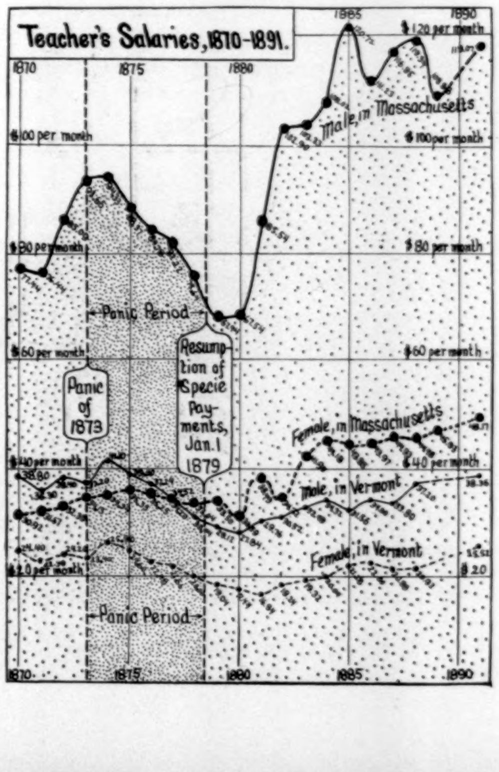
IS FIVE DOLLARS ENOUGH ?—Is five dollars per week adequate to make teaching anything more than a temporary inefficient service? Apportioning the weekly average of five dollars according to the number employed, and their respective average monthly salaries gives the male teacher $5 67 and the female teacher $4 67 per week.

About two-thirds of our teachers are young unmarried women. It would be a very poor average offer of marriage (and we are now dealing with averages) that would not induce an average school-ma'm to quit a job which paid her an average of only $4 67 per week, out of which she must pay her entire living expenses. It would take her a long time to save enough to buy her a home; therefore it is not surprising that she is willing to let almost any nice young man try to provide a home for her, especially when the nice young man is included in the bargain.

As for our male teachers, it must be a rather poor average man who would not find some opening which would pay him an average of more than $5 67 per week before he had been "teaching young ideas how to shoot" for many years.

Superintendents of public instruction have not been silent on this theme. From all parts of the union they have long been pleading for a more liberal expenditure for teachers' salaries.

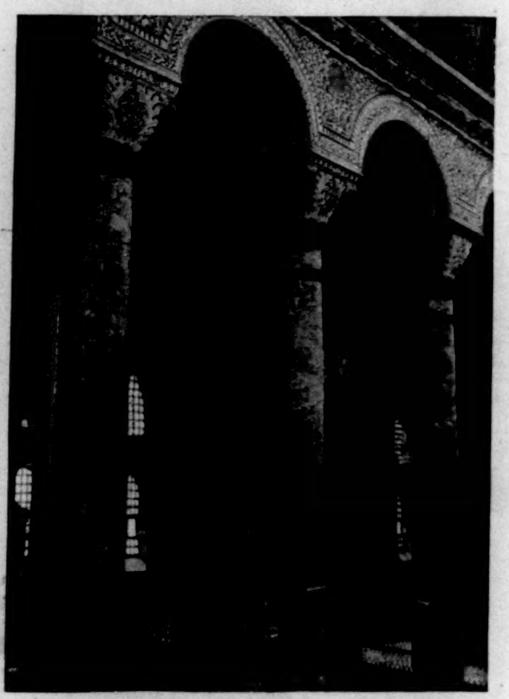
"Expenditure" will be the subject of the next paper, therefore the further consideration of this feature of the discussion will naturally appear therein. It is, however, worth while to ask right here, with emphatic earnestness, whether we can afford to pay our teachers only five dollars per week. Do not we want, do not we need, better results than we can obtain for so meagre a sum?



A TURKISH BEGGAR.

TROOPS OF THE SULTAN'S BODY-GUARD.

TOWERS ON THE OLD WALLS.

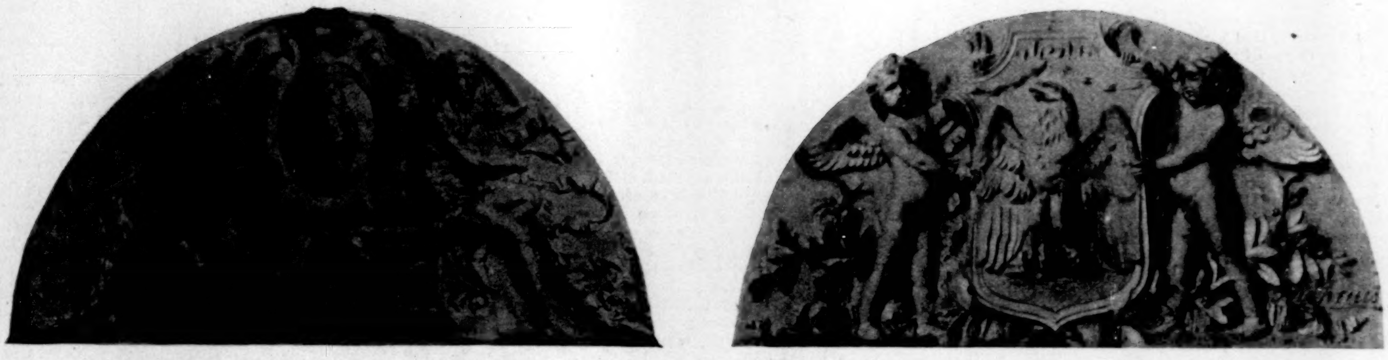


ANCIENT COLUMNS IN ST. SOPHIA.

THE GALATA BRIDGE AND MOSQUE OF YENI DJAMI (LOOKING TOWARDS STAMBOUL).

WAITING FOR THE SULTAN.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—[SEE PAGE 1044.]



TYMPANUMS CARVED IN WOOD OVER THE LIBRARY READING-ROOM DOORS.—Designed by C. H. Niehaus.

EDWARD GIBBON.—C. H. Niehaus, Sculptor.
Bronze Statue in the Rotunda.

SCULPTURE FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

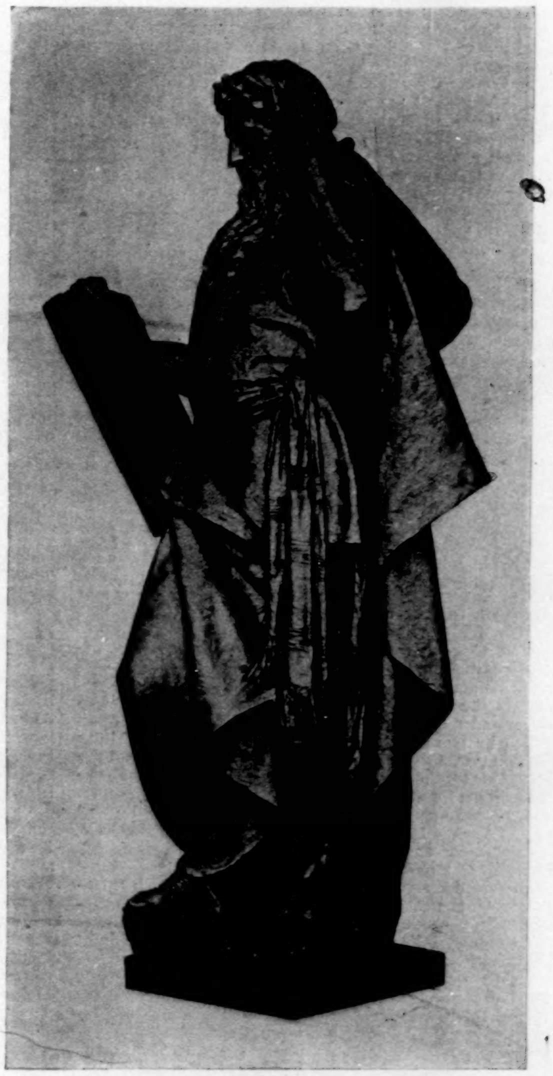
The committee in charge of the new Congressional Library at Washington, with the advice and collaboration of the National Sculpture Society, has given to artists of prominence and capability commissions for statues and busts, mural decorations and carved wood-work, to a considerable extent. Nine colossal busts and sixteen bronze statues will ornament the exterior and interior of the building, and commemorate the names of men famous in the world's history. Many of these are completed and in place, others are ready to be set up, but stone, bronze, or wood they cannot fail under this judicious selection to be of great value from an educational stand-point and a pleasure æsthetically, while in their dignity and grace of line and mass they are sure to appeal to the finer and better impulses of the people.

Three of the heroic-sized busts on the façade of the Congressional Library have been modelled in clay by Jonathan Scott Hartley. They represent three splendid types of American men of letters, and have been carved in granite. Irving, Emerson, and Hawthorne! What names to conjure with! How distinctly of the New World they were! and how thoroughly individual was each man! The sculptor has been able to work after authoritative portraits, and in each case to secure a likeness that admits of no doubt and is thoroughly satisfying.

Mr. Hartley, like so many of his colleagues, has had his share of experience before arriving at his present distinction, and has plodded his way through a path by no means strewn with roses. The bitter has been mingled with the sweet in varying proportions, but the sculptor has not faltered in the struggle, and to-day enjoys an honest measure of popularity and success.

He was born in Albany in 1845, and in his early youth he earned a modest livelihood as a stone-cutter in a marble-yard in that city. When he became skilful enough with his chisel, he was employed by the sculptor Erastus D. Palmer. He studied at night and worked in clay, and the year 1865 found him in London, studying at the Royal Academy schools and at the South Kensington Museum. He won a gold medal in a competition at the Royal Academy School. Subsequently Mr. Hartley spent some time in Germany, but in the end he drifted to the more important centres of Paris and Rome.

Hard work and constant application have been the factors that have carried him on to his present place among American sculptors, and for years Mr. Hartley has held an envia-



MOSES.—C. H. Niehaus, Sculptor.
Bronze Statue in the Rotunda.

BUSTS ON THE FAÇADE.—Jonathan Scott Hartley, Sculptor.

SOME OF THE DECORATIONS FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ble position in his profession. He received a gold medal at the exhibition of the American Art Association in 1889 for his heroic figure of "Satan Vanquished."

New-Yorkers are familiar with his large bronze statue of the great inventor Ericsson, that stands in the Battery Park; and in the Court-house Square at Springfield, Massachusetts, there may be seen an enormous figure of Miles Morgan, the New England settler, in his quaint Puritan costume, with broad hat and simple garb, his gun over his shoulder, and his solemn, serious face looking down at the modern sons and daughters of the old Bay State. In the Smithsonian Institution is his monument to Daguerre, the inventor of the photographic process. Visitors to the last exhibition of the National Sculpture Society will recall, among the beautiful and artistically arranged plants and growing things that formed so altogether lovely a background, an attractive figure, entitled "The Whirlwind," a nude woman, partly concealed by filmy, diaphanous draperies, deftly modelled, full of action, original, and thoroughly personal in conception. This was by Mr. Hartley as well, and is one of the best of his imaginative works.

To Charles Henry Niehaus were awarded the commissions for two of the bronze statues that are now placed on the balcony in the rotunda. These figures stand at an elevation of some thirty-five feet from the ground, and have been cast by the Gorham Company of New York. They represent Edward Gibbon, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and the great lawgiver, Moses. Both are admirable works of art, quiet, refined, and full of simple dignity. The able Englishman is posed in thoughtful, easy attitude, with book in hand, while from his shoulders hangs in graceful, natural folds a long cloak. In the costume of his day, with wig and cue, knee-breeches and long stockings, Gibbon makes an imposing, picturesque personality, that the sculptor has carried out in good taste on lines of commendable simplicity and with excellent effect.

Besides these are two decorative panels or tympanums that go over the doors of the library reading-room. In one, two cherubs support a shield upon which is an eagle, while on the other, held up by two graceful figures of youths, is the same device, and on it is an owl. These have been carved in wood by Evans & Co., of Boston, from clay designs by Mr. Niehaus. They are full of dainty suggestiveness, of harmonious and well-balanced forms, with pleasing lightness of touch and conception.

Mr. Niehaus is a native of Cincinnati and is forty years old. He began his art work as an engraver on wood. From this he drifted into marble-cutting, and so into experimenting with clay and wax. And while he earned a living at the former occupation, he gave his nights to serious study from the nude and the cast, at the McMicken School of Design in his native town, where he soon carried off the first prize. Leaving home he entered the Royal Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, and was the first American to take the royal medal and diploma in that school. This was awarded him for a sculptural group representing "Fleeting Time."

In competitions Mr. Niehaus has been unusually successful, notably with the statues of Hooker and Davenport in the Connecticut State Capitol, the monument to the founder of homœopathy, Samuel Hahnemann, upon which he is now at work, the bronze doors at Trinity Church (Mr. Astor's gift in memory of his father), and the first prize for the Lee Monument at Richmond, though the commission for this was given to Mercier, the French sculptor. His own countrymen honored him with a gold medal at the World's Fair at Chicago. A statue of a gladiator, heroic in size and remarkably fine in action and modelling, will be remembered at the exhibition of the National Sculpture Society last spring. It attracted much attention when it was first made, and placed the artist immediately in the front rank.

Technically, Mr. Niehaus is skilful and thoroughly at home with his material. With a sound academic training, he possesses the additional quality of seeing his subject broadly and in simple masses, looking always for the larger and more important things, and getting into his work a feeling of solidity and strength.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

THE great wall of Constantinople, stretching from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn, constructed by Theodosius nearly 1500 years ago, still marks the western limit of the ancient city.

On these walls, in 1453, fell Constantine, the last of the Eastern Emperors, fighting valiantly against odds of fifty to one, crying piteously as he died, deserted by his flying troops, "Is there no Christian who will cut off my head?" Then through the great breaches in the walls rode "The Conqueror," Mohammed II., at the head of the Moslem hosts, slaying as he went, until he rode into the nave of St. Sophia and let loose his savage soldiery upon the poor fugitives—priests and women who had sought shelter there. On one of the pillars in the south bay of the great sanctuary, far beyond reach from the pavement, is pointed out to-day the mark of the Conqueror's bloody hand where, riding high upon the heaps of the slain, he smote the marble column, crying, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet," and close by another huge column bears a great gash, said to have been made by the stroke of his sword when he marked the Christian church for his own.

In strange contrast to this fierce conqueror is the present Sultan, Abdul Hamed II., the well-meaning but faint-hearted and weak monarch who for years has not left his own palace grounds, except to traverse the distance of the few hundred yards which separate the Yildiz Palace from the mosque of the Hamidieh, where he goes to his prayers guarded by five thousand picked horsemen and troops of the household guards. Not even on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to him some years ago did the Sultan dare to move from the circumscribed space to which his fears for his personal safety have condemned him. The Selamlik of to-day, however, is an interesting spectacle, if only to show what elaborate precautions can be taken for the personal safety of the Moslem ruler. To view this ceremony the visitor must obtain a card from his legation or embassy which will admit him to the guard-house opposite the mosque, and near the gate of the Sultan's palace grounds. Here he is ushered into a long narrow room with windows overlooking the entrance to the mosque and the square around which the troops are beginning to form, and after being warned not to lean out of the windows and not to use opera-glasses, he is permitted to view the regiments of green-turbaned Bashi-bazouks, Nubian blacks and Albanian whites, and the magnificently mounted squadrons of lancers and cavalry. When all the troops have been formed in place, watering-carts appear and sprinkle the road, and then come men in carts with fine gravel, which is carefully distributed over the road so that there shall be no risk of his Majesty's horses losing their footing. Then various household servants and eunuchs, bearing the Sultan's prayer-rug and Koran and various accessories for making his prayers, saunter down the roadway and enter the mosque. Then come broughams full of veiled ladies from the harem, guarded by the chief eunuch, who are driven into the enclosure about the mosque, where the horses are taken from their traps, and they are left boxed up in their broughams to listen to the music of the bands and to get such a limited view of the proceedings as they may from behind the drawn blinds of their carriages.

Then comes a long pause, during which all eyes are directed toward the gate through which the Sultan is to appear, and presently an open carriage appears in which is seated a little man in a black coat with a straight collar, without ornaments or orders or any distinctive sign of rank or royalty, and wearing an ordinary red fez; and then the body-guards and the Turkish troops to a man burst into a shout like the explosion of musketry, crying, "Padischahim tchok yacha!" which means "Long live my Sultan," and the sorrowful-looking little sovereign, with the pale face, thin dark beard, and hunted look in his dark, sunken eyes, contrasting so strongly with the strong face of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, who sits opposite him, drives on and enters the mosque. After him come six beautifully caparisoned horses with gold-embroidered saddle-cloths, led by gorgeously attired grooms, then a small empty landau for his return trip, and then the imperial princes and other high dignitaries; and when all have entered the mosque the shrill cry of the muezzin, who has been calling his "Allahu Akbar" and the calls to prayers from the minaret, ceases, and for about half an hour the Sultan remains at prayer, while the visitors in the guard-house are regaled with coffee and cigarettes as the guests of his Majesty.

When he comes out from the mosque he steps into a small open landau drawn by a pair of horses, and, taking the reins in his own hands, drives quickly back through the gate to the palace, the grooms following with the led horses. Then the horses are again hitched to the broughams in the yard, and the ladies of the household are trundled back to the harem after their exciting morning, and the pale little princes, in patent-leather riding-boots and tight-fitting uniforms, sitting very straight on their beautiful Arab steeds, follow after, and when all are safely in the palace grounds and the great gates are closed, the troops march away with bands playing and banners flying, and the visitor is allowed to emerge from the guard-house.

Near the Yildiz Kiosk, and connected with it by a bridge over the roadway, is the Palace of Cheragan, where Abdul Hamed's brother and predecessor, the deposed Sultan Murad V., is supposed to be confined, and where Sultan Abdul Aziz, the uncle of Murad and Abdul Hamed, died by his own hand a few days after his deposition by his nephew.

There exists at present good and sufficient reason for the Sultan's uneasiness. Revolutionary pamphlets have been found in the mosques of Stamboul, and there are signs of rising Mohammedan discontent which at any time may break out and release all Islam from the thraldom and taxation to which it is now subject under the reign of the Osmanli. Considerably less than one-half of the nine hundred thousand population of the city are Moslems, and the Greeks and Armenians, of whom there are some three hundred thousand, would at once join in any insurrection for the overthrow of the present dynasty. The British squadron lies at the island of Lemnos, near the entrance of the Dardanelles, and the Russian fleet is anchored near at hand, both prepared to enforce the demands of the European governments in regard to the administration in Armenia. These are the problems that "The Commander of the Faithful" has to contend with, and unless he undertakes some radical change in his administration it is hardly possible that the Ottoman rule in Europe will survive much longer. The imperial system is drawing the life-blood from his subjects with its heavy burden of taxes. The contrasts in Constantinople between the royal palaces and kiosks, and the poverty and squalor of the subjects who support them, are distressing, and a visit to the Sultan's treasure-chamber in the old Seraglio, where golden thrones, great emeralds and rubies of fabulous value, wonderful stores of pearls and gems, and heaps of precious stones lie scattered about in the greatest confusion and neglect, in dusty drawers and rickety old cabinets with cobwebbed windows, only serves to emphasize the poverty of the wretched streets and the condition of the poor people who are so grievously taxed to support the master of this Oriental treasure-house.

Although the Sultan may not go to Stamboul the tourist does, for there is little to interest him in the European quarter of Pera or the slums of Galata as compared with the old city where all the treasured handiwork of the Orient is stored. There is St. Sophia and the old Seraglio, the Hippodrome and the Delphic Oracle, the Museum and the Bab-i-Ali, or Sublime Porte, a building containing the offices of the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Minister of the Interior. There is the Seraskerat, or War Office, with its great white marble tower; and there, above all, is the Great Bazar, that ever-fascinating place whither the tourist returns again and again to bargain with Greek or Jew, Turk or Armenian, for some coveted bit of Eastern workmanship which has caught his fancy. The Great Bazar is a veritable fortress enclosed by great stone walls and containing a perfect labyrinth of streets vaulted over with stone and lighted by innumerable small domes which shed a dim light throughout the whole interior, which is crowded with little shops brilliant with silks from Damascus, gorgeous hangings from Persia, and multi-colored stuffs from Eastern looms. In the centre is another stronghold of walls within walls, the Bezestan, where the goldsmiths and silversmiths, jewellers, and dealers in antiques, porcelains, curiosities, rare arms, silken rugs, and Persian carpets have their stalls.

An hour before sunset the bazars close and the iron doors are locked and guarded by watchmen, and the stranger within the gates of Stamboul must find his way back to the Galata Bridge; for the old city which welcomes him by day shuns him at night, and so he joins that wonderful stream of picturesque humanity which pours over the great bridge, second only to London Bridge in all the world for traffic, and climb the hill of Pera, past the tumble-down graveyard and the municipal garden to his hotel.

Even Europeanized Pera has little to offer in the way of amusement after dark. On the Grand Rue de Pera there are several German beer-halls, one of which has a car-load of beer three times each week sent direct from Munich, and there are several so-called theatres, which are nothing more than third-rate concert-halls, and which usually mask notoriously crooked roulette wheels. One of the leading places of this description is the Theatre Concordia, in which the greater part of the audience seems to assemble in the easily accessible greenroom, where the ladies who sing chansonnettes are waiting their turns. Beyond the greenroom is a pseudo dressing-room hung with costumes, where a mysterious panel in the wall slides back and admits you to a room where red-fezzed Turks and foreigners of every nationality tempt the Goddess of Fortune at a wheel so delicately constituted that I have seen it shiver with delight when a gold piece was placed on the red, and almost lose its equilibrium in its haste to deposit the little ball safely in a black or a double zero compartment. So with only these questionable pleasures to choose from the stranger for the most part keeps to his hotel in the evening, and if he has been under the care of an energetic dragoman, he is generally content to do so, as the steep hills of Pera and noisy ill-paved streets of the old city make a day's sight-seeing a tiresome task.

How much longer this old city, with its wonderful vitality and its heterogeneous population, composed of almost every nationality in the world, the key of Europe and the bone of contention of the European powers, can remain under the Ottoman rule is one of the questions of the day. The Turks have a proverb which says "Rather the gallows than exile," and although the Sultan's navy, which lies rotting in the Golden Horn, is little better than a lot of coal-barges, there is no doubt that the Turk will fight desperately and well to retain his European capital if put to the test, but a struggle against the combined powers of Europe could only end in one way, and then, sorrowfully and reluctantly, as the Moors left Granada, would the Turk abandon the ancient capital which he wrested from the Christian nearly five hundred years ago and has guarded so zealously since, and take his way to some new capital in Asia Minor, thus withdrawing the last stronghold of Mohammedan rule from Europe.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

X.—AS TO SAURIANS AND OTHERS.

IT was Noah who spoke.

"I'm glad," he said, "that when I embarked at the time of the heavy rains that did so much damage in the old days, there weren't any dogs like that fellow Cerberus about. If I'd had to feed a lot of three-headed beasts like him the Ark would have run short of provisions inside of ten days."

"That's very likely true," observed Mr. Barnum, "but I must confess, my dear Noah, that you showed a lamentable lack of the showman's instinct when you selected the animals you did. A more commonplace lot of beasts were never gathered together; and while Adam is held responsible for the introduction of sin into the world, I attribute most of my offences to none other than yourself."

The members of the club drew their chairs a little closer. The conversation had opened a trifle spicily, and, furthermore, they had all retained enough of their mortality to be interested in animal stories. Adam, who had managed to settle his back dues and delinquent house charges, and once more acquired the privileges of the club, nodded his head gratefully at Mr. Barnum.

"I'm glad to find some one," said he, "who places the responsibility for trouble where it belongs. I'm round-shouldered with the blame I've had to bear. I didn't invent sin any more than I invented the telephone, and I think it's rather rough on a fellow who lived a quiet, retiring, pastoral life, minding his own business and staying home nights, to be held up to public reprobation for as long a time as I have."

"It'll be all right in time," said Raleigh; "just wait—be patient, and your vindication will come. Nobody thought much of the plays Bacon and I wrote for Shakespeare until Shakespeare'd been dead a century."

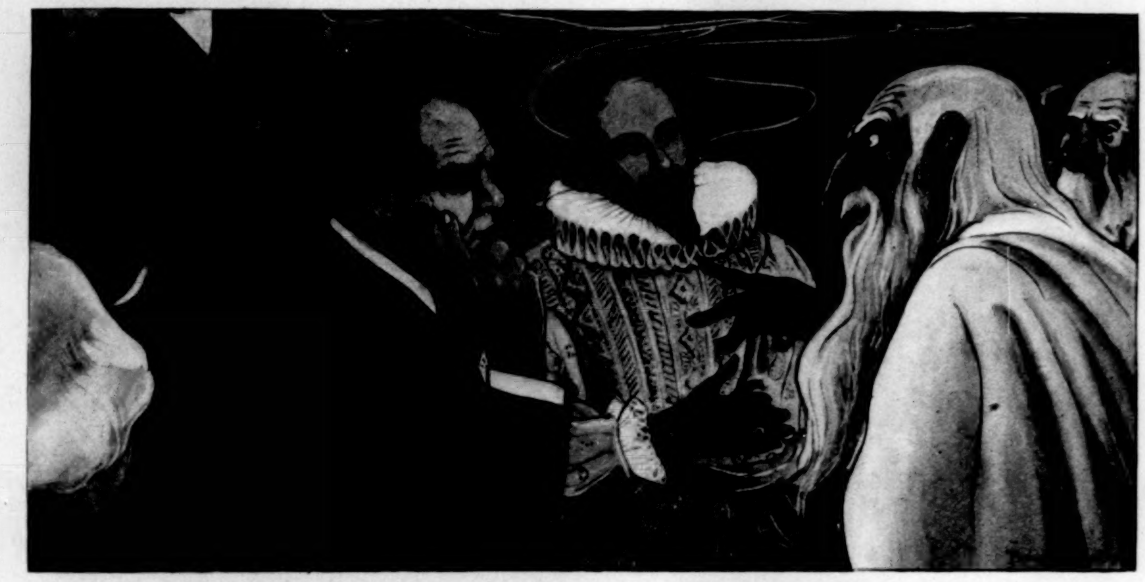
"Humph!" said Adam, gloomily. "Wait! What have I been doing all this time? I've waited all the time there's been so far, and until Mr. Barnum spoke as he did I haven't observed the slightest inclination on the part of anybody to rehabilitate my lost reputation. Nor do I see exactly how it's to come about even if I do wait."

"You might apply for an Investigating Committee to look into the charges," suggested an American politician just over. "Get your friends on it, and you'll be all right."

"Better let sleeping dogs lie," said Blackstone.

"I intend to," said Adam. "The fact is, I hate to give any further publicity to the matter. Even if I did bring the matter into court and sue for libel, I've only got one witness to prove my innocence, and that's my wife. I'm not going to drag her into it. She's got nervous prostration now over her position, and this would make it worse. Queen Elizabeth and the rest of these snobs in society won't invite her to any of their functions, because they say she hadn't any grandfather—and even if she were received by them, she'd be uncomfortable going about. It isn't pleasant for a woman to feel that every one knows she's the oldest woman in the room."

"Well, take my word for it," said Raleigh, kindly, "it'll all come out all right. You know the old saying, 'His-



"'I'D LIKE MIGHTILY TO HAVE YOU EXPLAIN YOUR STATEMENT, MR. BARNUM,' SAID NOAH."

tory repeats itself.' Some day you will be living back in Eden again, and if you are only careful to make an exact record of all you do, and have a notary present, before whom you can make an affidavit as to the facts, you will be able to demonstrate your innocence."

"I was only condemned on hearsay evidence, anyhow," said Adam, ruefully.

"Nonsense; you were caught red-handed," said Noah. "My grandfather told me so. And now that I've got a chance to slip in a word edgewise, I'd like mightily to have you explain your statement, Mr. Barnum, that I am responsible for your errors. That is a serious charge to bring against a man of my reputation."

"I mean simply this, that to make a show interesting," said Mr. Barnum, "a man has got to provide interesting materials, that's all. I do not mean to say a word that is in any way derogatory to your morality. You were a surprisingly good man for sea-captain, and with the exception of that one occasion when you—ah—you allowed yourself to be stranded on the bar, if I may so put it, I know of nothing to be said against you as a moral, temperate person."

"That was only an accident," said Noah, reddening. "You can't expect a man of six hundred odd years of age—"

"Certainly not," said Raleigh, soothingly, "and nobody thinks less of you for it. Considering how you must have hated the sight of water, the wonder of it is that it didn't become a fixed habit. Let us hear what it is that Mr. Barnum does criticise in you."

"His taste—that's all," said Mr. Barnum. "I contend that, compared to the animals he might have had, the ones he did have were as ant-hills to Alps. There were more zoos allowed to die out through Noah's lack of judgment than one likes to think of. Take the Proterosaurus, for instance. Where on earth do we find his equal to-day?"

"You ought to be mighty glad you can't find one like him," put in Adam. "If you spent a week in the Garden of Eden with me, with lizards eight feet long dropping out of the trees on to your lap while you were trying to take a Sunday afternoon nap, you'd be willing to dispense with things of that sort for the balance of your natural life. If you want to get an idea of that experience, let somebody drop a calf on you some afternoon."

"I am not saying anything about that," returned Barnum. "It would be unpleasant to have an elephant drop on one after the fashion of which you speak, but I am glad the elephant was saved, just the same. I haven't advocated the Proterosaurus as a Sunday afternoon surprise, but as an attraction for a show. I still maintain that a lizard as big as a cow would prove a lodestone, the drawing powers of which the pocket-money of the small boy would be unable to resist. Then there was the Iguanadon. He'd have brought a fortune to the box-office—"

"Which you'd have immediately lost," retorted Noah, "paying rent. When you get a reptile of his size, that reaches thirty feet up into the air when he stands on his hind legs, the ordinary circus wagon of commerce can't be made to hold him, and your menagerie-room has to have ceilings so high that every penny he brought to the box-office would be spent storing him."

"Mischievous too," said Adam, "that Iguanadon. You couldn't keep anything out of his reach. We used to forbid animals of his kind to enter the garden, but that didn't bother him: he'd stand up on his hind legs and reach over and steal anything he'd happen to want."

"I could have used him for a fire-escape," said Mr. Barnum; "and as for my inability to provide him with quarters, I'd have met that problem after a short while. I've always lamented the absence, too, of the Megalosaurus—"

"Which simply shows how ignorant you are," retorted Noah. "Why, my dear fellow, it would have taken the whole of an ordinary zoo such as yours to give the Megalosaurus a lunch. Those fellows would eat a rhinoceros as easily as you'd crack a peanut. I did have a couple of Megalosaurians on my boat for just twenty-four hours, and then I chucked them both overboard. If I'd kept them ten days longer they'd have eaten every blessed beast I had with me, and your zoo wouldn't have had anything else but Megalosaurians."

"Papa is right about that, Mr. Barnum," said Shem. "The whole Saurian tribe was a fearful nuisance. About four hundred years before the flood I had a pet Creosaurus that I kept in our barn. He was a cunning little devil, full of tricks and all that, but we never could keep a cow or a horse on the place while he was about. They'd mysteriously disappear, and we never knew what became of 'em, until one morning we surprised Fido in—"

"Surprised who?" asked Doctor Johnson, scornfully.

"Fido," returned Shem. "That was my Creosaurus's name."

"Lord save us! Fido!" cried Johnson. "What a name for a Creosaurus!"

"Well, what of it?" asked Shem, angrily. "You wouldn't have us call a mastodon like that Fanny, would you, or Tatters?"

"Go on," said Johnson. "I've nothing to say."

"Shall I send for a physician?" put in Boswell, anxiously looking at his chief, the situation was so extraordinary.

Solomon and Carlyle giggled, and the Doctor, having politely requested Boswell to go to a warmer section of the country, Shem resumed.

"I caught him in the act of swallowing five cows and Ham's favorite trotter, sulky and all."

Baron Munchausen rose up and left the room.

"If they're going to lie, I'm going to get out," he said, as he passed through the room.

"What became of Fido?" asked Boswell.

"The sulky killed him," returned Shem, innocently. "He couldn't digest the wheels."

Noah looked approvingly at his son, and turning to Barnum, observed, quietly: "What he says is true; and I will go further and say that it is my belief that you would have found the show business impossible if I had taken that sort of creature aboard. You'd have got mightily discouraged after your antediluvians had chewed up a few dozen steam-calliopes and eaten every other able-bodied exhibit you had managed to secure. I'd have tried to save a couple of Discosaurians if I hadn't supposed they were able to take care of themselves. A combination of sea-serpent and dragon, with a neck twenty-two feet long, it seemed to me, ought to have been able to ride out any storm or fall of rain; but there I was wrong, and I am free to admit my error. It never occurred to me that the sea-serpents were in any danger, so I let them alone, with the result that I never saw but one other, and he was only an illusion due to that unhappy use of stimulants to which, with shocking bad taste, you have chosen to refer."

"I didn't mean to call up unpleasant memories," said Barnum. "I never believed you got half-seas-over anyhow. But to return to our muttons—why didn't you hand down a few varieties of the Therium family to posterity? There were the Dinotherium and the Megatherium, either one of which would have knocked spots out of any leopard that ever was made, and alongside of which even my woolly horse would have paled into insignificance. That's what I can't understand in your selections—with Megatheriums to burn, why save leopards and panthers and other such every-day creatures?"

"What kind of a boat do you suppose I had?" cried Noah. "Do you imagine for a moment that she was four miles on the water-line, with a mile and three-quarters beam? If I'd had a pair of Dinotheriums in the stern of that Ark she'd have tipped up fore and aft until she looked like a telegraph pole in the water; and if I'd put 'em amidships, they'd have had to be wedged in so tightly they couldn't move, to keep the vessel trim. I didn't go to sea, my friend, for the purpose of being tipped over in mid-ocean every time one of my cargo wanted to shift his weight from one leg to the other."

"It was bad enough with the elephants, wasn't it, papa?" said Shem.

"Yes, indeed, my son," returned the Patriarch. "It was bad enough with the elephants. We had to shift our ballast a half a dozen times a day to keep the boat from travelling on her beam ends, the elephants moved about so much; and when we came to the question of provender, it took up about nine-tenths of our hold to store hay and peanuts enough to keep them alive and good-tempered. On the whole, I think it's rather late in the day, considering the trouble I took to save anything but myself and my family, to be criticised as I now am. You ought to be much obliged to me for saving any animals at all. Most people in my position would have built a yacht for themselves and family, and let everything else slide."

"That is quite true," observed Raleigh, with a pacificatory nod at Noah. "You were eminently unselfish; and while, with Mr. Barnum, I exceedingly regret that the Saurians and Therii and other tribes were left on the pier when you sailed, I nevertheless think that you showed most excellent judgment at the time."

"He was the only man who had any at all, for that matter," suggested Shem, "and it required all his courage to show it. Everybody was guying him. Sinners stood around the yard all day and every day, criticising the model; one scoffer pretended he thought her a canal-boat, and asked how deep the flood was likely to be on the towpath, and whether we intended to use mules in shallow water and giraffes in deep; another asked what time allowance we expected to get in a fifteen-mile run, and hinted that a year and two months per mile struck him as being the proper thing—"

"It was far from pleasant," said Noah, tapping his fingers together reflectively. "I don't want to go through it again; and if, as Raleigh suggests, history is likely to repeat herself, I'll sublet the contract to Barnum here and let him get the chaff."

"It was all right in the end, though, Dad," said Shem. "We had the great laugh on 'hoi polloi' the second day out."

"We did indeed," said Noah. "When we told 'em we only carried first-class passengers and had no room for emigrants, they began to see that the Ark wasn't such an old tub, after all, and a good ninety per cent. of them would have given ten dollars for a little of that time allowance they'd been talking to us about for several centuries."

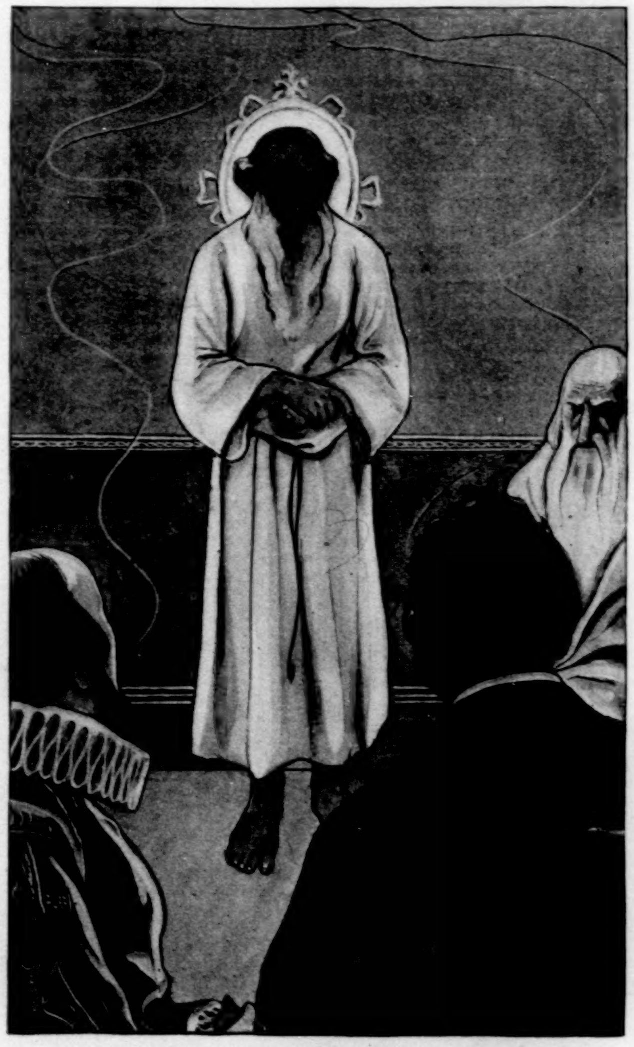
Noah lapsed into a musing silence, and Barnum rose up to leave.

"I still wish you'd saved a Discosaurus," he said. "A creature with a neck twenty-two feet long would have been a gold-mine to me. He could have been trained to stand in the ring and, by stretching out his neck, bite the little boys who sneak in under the tent and occupy seats on the top row."

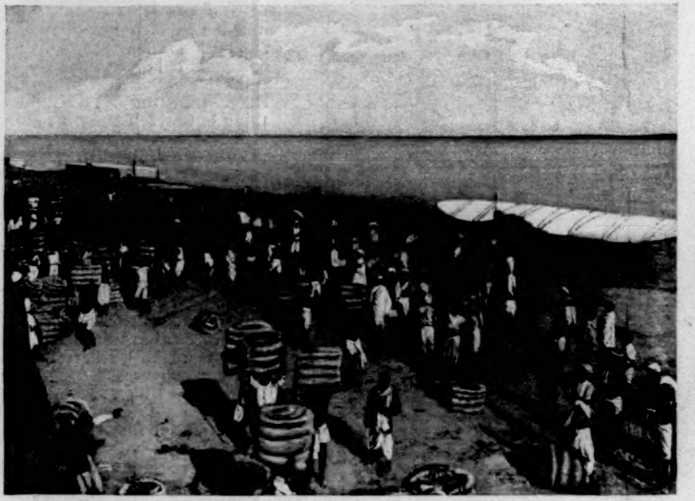
"Well, for your sake," said Noah, with a smile, "I'm very sorry, but for my own I'm quite satisfied with the general results."

And they all agreed that the Patriarch had every reason to be pleased with himself.

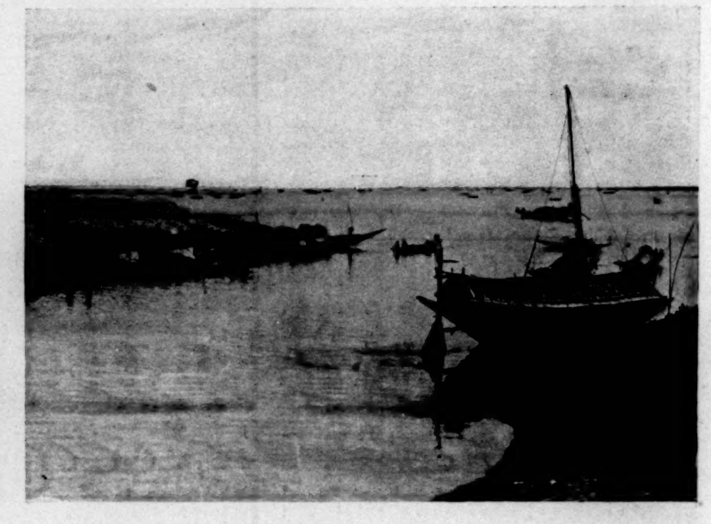
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"'PAPA IS RIGHT ABOUT THAT, MR. BARNUM,' SAID SHEM."



COOLIES TRANSFERRING CARGOES OF JUTE FROM BOATS TO CARS.



FISHING FLEET AT THE JUNCTION OF THE GANGES AND THE BRAHMAPOOTRA.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

INDIA'S GREAT RIVER—THE GANGES.

WHAT the Nile is to Egypt the Ganges is to the northwestern provinces of the Indian Empire, excepting that while the Nile stands entirely alone, the great Indian plain is provided with waterways and fertilizers by many tributaries of the great river, some of which would in most other parts of the world be considered great rivers themselves. There are only three great river systems in India, and of these the central one of the Ganges is the largest and the most remarkable. In some respects, indeed, it is the most remarkable of the world's great rivers, not excepting even the great waterways of America. To it the marvellous fertility which in all historical ages has made India so remarkable is directly due, for it is not only the irrigator of the richest part of the country, but the actual provider of the soil itself. No one can look at the dark coffee-colored water of the great river—"Mother Ganga," as it has been called by the people since the earliest dawn of history—without being struck by the thought of the vast amount of alluvial soil which it must carry down in its course, but few would be prepared to suppose that five hundred miles from its mouth, while it had yet dozens of large tributaries to receive in its course, it carried nearly a fourth part more soil in its waters than the Mississippi does at its mouth. Yet such is the case, and to the fact is largely due the vast population which that part of India has always supported.

Like all great rivers that flow through alluvial plains, the Ganges has a shifting and treacherous channel, especially in the lower part of its course, where its waters glide slowly and sluggishly through the great alluvial beds which it has formed. Here, unlike the upper part, the fall is very trifling, and every year the country for hundreds of miles is inundated in the rainy season by the overflow of the waters. When the inundation season is at an end it is usually found that the channel has been altered in many places, so that what was dry land a few weeks before is now occupied by a river two miles wide and thirty-five feet in depth. It need hardly be mentioned that this peculiarity has given rise to numerous and difficult questions in transportation. Stations, both for river and railway traffic, come and go with puzzling frequency, and it is no unusual occurrence to find that last year's shipping station, where perhaps fifty river steamers took in and transferred cargo to and from the railways, is this year two or three miles on one side or other of the new course. At Saraghat, for instance, where the eastern railway crosses the Ganges, about seventy miles above the point of its junction with the Brahmapootra, the station on the southern bank of two years ago is now more than two miles from the river, while that on the northern bank has within the same time been swept away bodily twice. All kinds of engineering schemes have been suggested to meet the constantly recurring difficulty, but as yet nothing satisfactory has apparently been devised, and the companies continue to contrive and use temporary expedients to meet the trouble as it arises.

Our view of a native village near the bank of the great river is but the type of thousands of such villages that abound at every part of its course. These villages are always small in size, and are invariably constructed of the very temporary materials that are seen in the picture. At every little clump of trees of which the traveller comes in sight as he sails down the broad stream there is sure to be found such a village, whose inhabitants seem quite contented to live in homes that are entirely dependent upon the caprice of the river for their continued existence beyond the next rainy season. In any case, the inhabitants will have to desert their homes for something like ten weeks while the waters are out over all the low lands, and when they return it will be to find either that the village remains in a ruined state, or, which is nearly as likely, that it has disappeared altogether. To make up for this inconvenience, which is less felt by them than it probably would be by any other people, the river has prepared for them a vast hot-bed, on which they can with the smallest possible amount of labor raise the largest quantity of produce. The Ganges mud is unequalled as fertilizing material, and on the soil thus left for him the native sows and reaps four crops between one inundation and the next. So rich is the soil that no manure of any kind is ever used, even that produced by cattle on the land being used entirely, when dried, for fuel. For all the great district which it waters, the Ganges is naturally the highway of commerce, only supplemented at a few points as yet by the railway systems of the country. As it is along both sides of the river that the vast crops for which India is famous are grown, so it is by the river itself that they are conveyed to market. In spite of the uncertain course of the stream from year to year, there are numerous river stations at points along the banks where the fleets of river steamers call to take in cargo. There is, indeed, in the lower part of the valley very little of permanency about these stations, which are almost sure to require removal in a year or two at farthest, but while they last they are the scene of a busy traffic. From daylight until dark steamers by dozens and native sailing craft almost innumerable arrive and depart, being speedily loaded or unloaded by troops of nearly unclothed workers, who work with a will, and by no means in silence. At all the principal landing stations there is access to one or other of the railway lines; but as these are never brought very close to the bank of the river, each bale of jute or cotton, and each bag of wheat or rice, has to be carried from the vessel to the cars, a distance generally of nearly a quarter of a mile. Such scenes as that of loading jute are therefore the every-day experiences in a district where men are at once more plentiful and better suited for the work than any beasts of burden could possibly be.

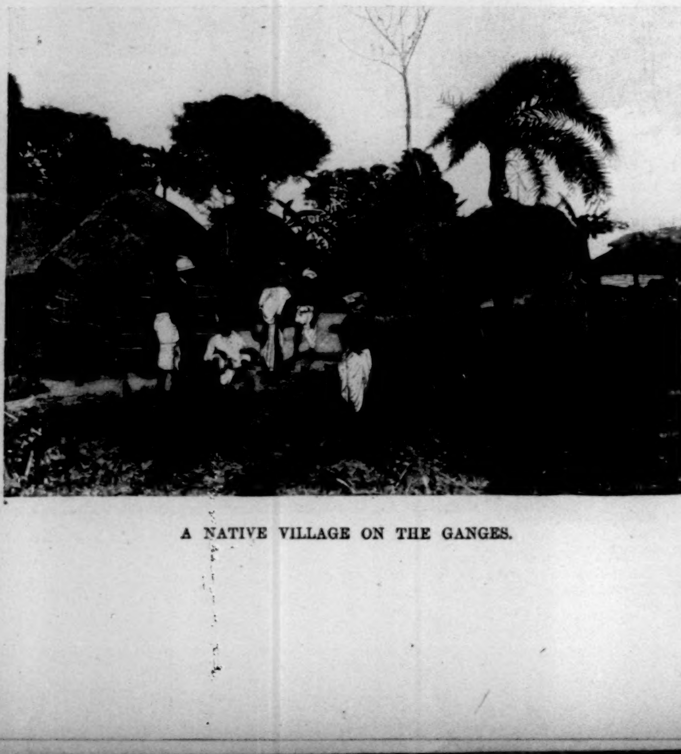
A large part of the railway systems of the empire naturally finds a centre at Calcutta, on the Hooghly, and this is especially true of all the lines that run along the Ganges and its tributaries. The capital and great shipping port, however, lies about seventy miles to the westward of the course of the river, at a point where it has already begun to split up into the multitude of streams which constitute its mouths and empty its waters into the Bay of Bengal. It is about this place where the great river Brahmapootra, coming from the east, joins its waters to those of the Ganges, only to divide again and flow to the sea by various channels. Our view of the meeting of these two great bodies of water may serve to give some idea of the extent of these rivers, while the characteristic types of native boats employed in the great fishing industry, which finds its best field at the junction of the waters, indicate probably some of the oldest ideas in boat-designing among civilized people.

Goalanda is the present terminus of the Great Eastern Railway at the junction of the two great rivers, and being also the main station and terminus of the river steamers plying upon the lower reaches of both the Ganges and Brahmapootra it is necessarily a commercial centre of great importance. It is no unusual thing to see from fifteen to twenty large river steamers fastened along the bank here at one time, but yet, owing to the uncertainty of the river-bed, the arrangements for unloading cargo are of the simplest kind—nothing more, indeed, than a graded cutting through the high bank, with a planked footway stretching out a little way so as to give easy access to the vessels. Yet in this way a very large traffic is done at Goalanda, enough to keep the line of railway from that point to Calcutta almost more than fully employed. The problem of carrying the railway still farther eastward into the eastern province and Burmah is one which will have to be faced before long, as an immense and populous country will be more than usually dependent there upon railway transport, but the problem will be one of no ordinary difficulty. The whole country for nearly a hundred and fifty miles is merely a great alluvial flat through which the two great rivers and their tributaries wander in channels that are quite uncertain from year to year. Equally serious problems have, however, been already grappled with successfully by the railway engineers of India.

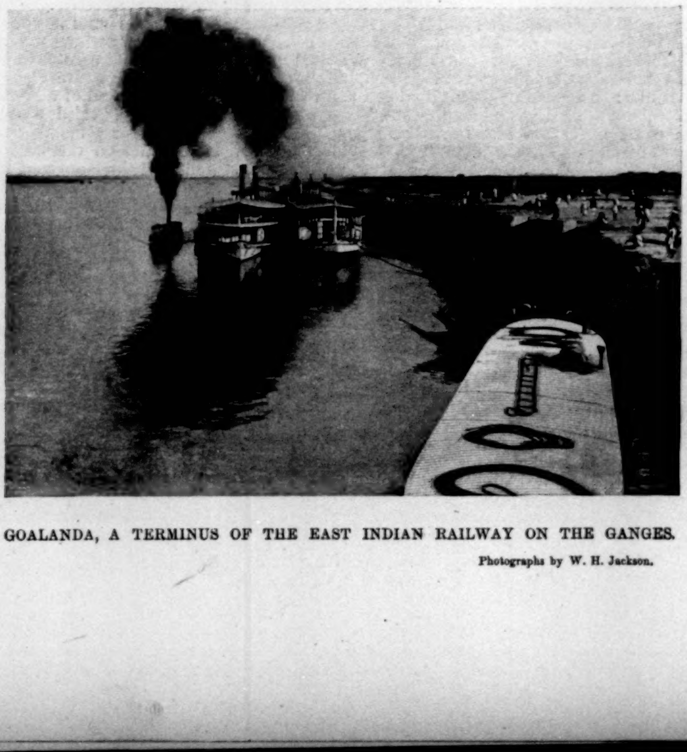
DERELICT.

FAR in the distance looms a ship's dark hull,
Aimlessly tossing on an angry sea;
And, circling round, one solitary gull,—
White ponderer of this black mystery!

F. D. SHERMAN.

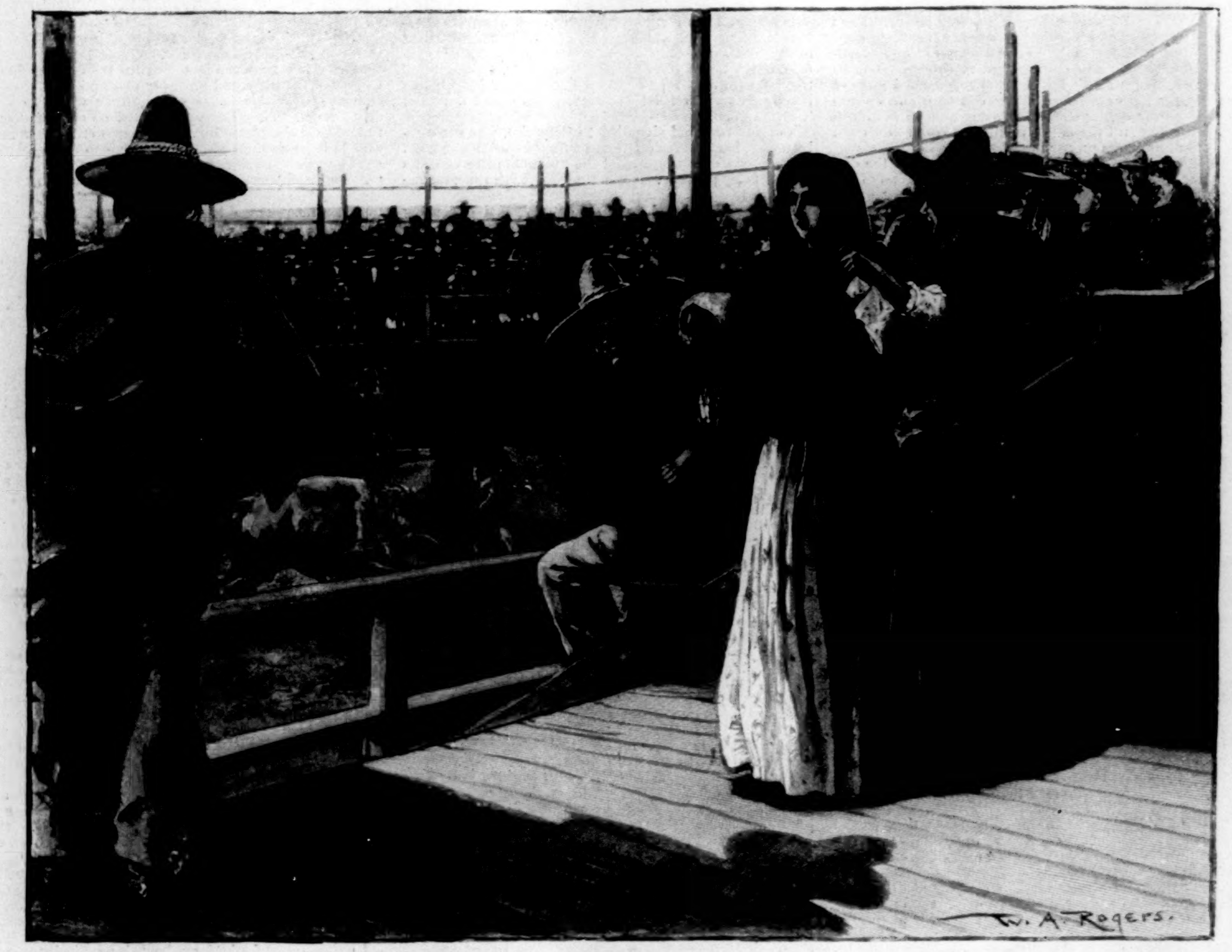


A NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE GANGES.



GOALANDA, A TERMINUS OF THE EAST INDIAN RAILWAY ON THE GANGES.

Photographs by W. H. Jackson.



"HER HEART WENT DOWN LIKE LEAD AS HE PASSED QUITE OUT OF SIGHT."

'CENSION.*

BY MAUD MASON AUSTIN.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

II.

ONE morning, before the birds had finished their matin burst of song, 'Cension stood under the hedge in the lane, watching, through a break in its yellow line, old Placido bringing the brown and gray broncos from their interrupted croppings in the stubble. The hedge had grown brilliant, though so early for the turning—an exquisite golden stretch—and she shook the amber leaves down upon her head full of all manner of sweet fancies. She still stood deeply engrossed, with many sunny-hued patches clinging about her, when Anita came calling her to the early breakfast. The *tortillas* and *chile con carne* were scarcely touched in her absent-minded hurry to be off. Don Ricardo, while disposing of red-hot concoctions, grumbled at her want of appetite.

As 'Cension, all ready, with the conventional black shawl over her head, was about to climb into the wagon, there was a gentle tug at her skirts. Anita, with downcast countenance, held out her small hand, saying,

"Here, 'Cension, take my *tlacos* and bring me something."

"Why, Anita, are you not going yourself?" she exclaimed, in much surprise.

"No," the child answered, shortly, because more words would bring an accompaniment of tears.

"But *mamá* said you were to go. Why are you not going?"

"*Quien sabe*," she answered, with a tearful upward look and the national shrug of the shoulders.

"You must go, Anita! I will see what it means," said 'Cension, turning towards the corral, and ignoring the extended coins. A few *tlacos* was wealth to Anita. Now that she had two American pieces, dimes, she had dreamed of worthy purchases. And now she was not to go! But 'Cension had said she must, and 'Cension was good; she would not despair. So she stood, a picture of hope and fear, as she watched her sister's graceful figure disappear.

A woman knelt in the shade from the wall, rubbing the kernels of boiled corn between the stones of the *metate*. She answered 'Cension's question of her mother's whereabouts without looking up, and in a jerky fashion, chopping the words in time to the vigorous rubs of the long white-flecked stone she held in her hands—"The señora is in her room."

'Cension passed on to the sleeping-rooms. She found her mother inspecting, for immediate use, Ricardo's *serape* of bright-colored stripes. With the first suggestion of chill in the air it must be ready for his donning. And had she not that very day imagined there was a growing fresh crispness in the morning? So when her lord departed for the goat-sheds she hurried to the wooden chest, and drawing out the gaudy fringed blanket, was earnestly overlooking its stripes for broken threads when her daughter gently touched her shoulder.

"Why, child, how you startled me! I thought you were gone, past the *alamos* by now."

"No, mother, I am not gone, as you see. Anita must go too! I do not care to go without her," she said, with tears in her voice, as she remembered a certain little sorrowful face in the road.

"Tut, child, go! Anita will only be in the way; and besides, there will be such a crowd."

"But I will keep her hand," she answered, "and Pablo will meet us there with the boys."

"It is no use, 'Cension," the mother returned, with some firmness. "Go along. Leave the child at home. It is best for her. Some other time she can go; it does not matter."

"But it does matter," persisted 'Cension. "You had told her she could go; she will be so *triste* all day. *Mamacita*," she went on, laying her arm over Doña Liseta's shoulder caressingly, "you will let her go? You will not make her unhappy?" And the señora yielded, as any other would yield under the spell of a like persuasion.

They started down the lane, Anita smiling happily in her sister's face, Placido with an aniline-colored scarf knotted around his unironed shirt, and his *esposa* with her cotton parasol held aloft where one point could unerringly enter her husband's left ear. The whole party appeared *muy contenta*. Casamira usually appeared on the road seated in front of Placido on old Prieto, while he held a rein from behind on either side of her buxom waist; and she was elated at this drive in state. Doña Liseta stood smiling in the door, thinking proudly how pretty 'Cension was, and what a loving, unselfish heart she had. But as she waved the last *adios* to the smiling pair in the rear of the wagon, she sighed softly, and returned to the blanket, that had actually disclosed a most diminutive rent, with a heart heavy with a foreboding of—she knew not what. It was very well for Pablo to tell her to put it out of her mind. But things went on just the same as before. If Pablo knew something, as he said, then why did he permit Lerma to continue his constant visits and undisguised admiration of their 'Cension?

She was so in the habit of ignoring Ricardo in matters of judgment that a consultation with him did not promise comfort. There was possibly no well in this vicinity possessing the charms of St. Keyne's in Cornwall. But Doña Liseta just as effectually held the reins, in her unassuming meekness, as though she had tasted those magic waters. She must mention the matter again to Pablo. Thus determining, she attacked the rent, and stitched in with her leaf-green thread many conjectures and apprehensions.

The *fiesta* party passed into the public road. The mustangs, seeming to realize the situation, trotted at a brisk, respectable gait without much persuasion from Placido's whip. A silence soon fell upon the quartet. 'Cension was full of her own thoughts, Anita calculating how much the coins tightly rolled in her handkerchief would buy; and the old couple in front were silent from mere stupidity. All the passing objects were fraught with their own suggestive thoughts to 'Cension. Conversation with any one of the trio was not inviting. Anita pulled her sister's shawl roughly, saying, "'Cension, why won't you talk? How many oranges can I buy with a cent?"

"None," answered 'Cension, discouragingly, and subsided into her thoughts. Would she see Eduardo?—a dimpling smile hovering around her lips at the prospect. If she had only known when she saw him three days ago, and told him that she was coming! He would have been so pleased, and watched for her, instead of saying that he would probably not be there at all, as she was not to go. Would he like her new print of lavender and pink? Perhaps she might not see him at all; perhaps he might not be glad that she had come—no, surely not that. Why did Eduardo never care whether she went anywhere or not? Why did he never seem to expect to see her in Paso del Norte? She would not doubt him—oh no!—but how could she help feeling unhappy when he told her of his gay doings there, of balls, and suppers, and the theatre, just as if it were another world from hers and she outside its pale? And "I am, I am," she cried, inwardly, with quivering lips.

Might she not even to-day see Jesusita Barassa, whom he so often mentioned in his conversation? She wondered what she was like, and if she wore hats like the Americans. Eduardo spoke of her as a very superior being indeed, with an air which sent poor 'Cension's modest, unassuming heart into the depths. She was often almost unhappy over Eduardo's contradictory moods, and, in truth, cruel bullying of her, though, poor child, she did not know why. He was the sort of man, even in his love affairs, to lean to a dash of the cruel to heighten the zest. He liked a stone in his snowball even when in jest; and after one of his visits she oftener felt like indulging in tears than happy retrospection.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2027.

Anita's voice interrupted her reverie again, this time to some purpose. The child would not be silenced now. She chatted and questioned until 'Cension perforce must take a part too, and the almost gloomy musings were lost in other interests as the leather-covered wagon, creaking through the sandy road, passed at shorter intervals the adobe homes along the way. They seemed already in town, for Paso del Norte strings out her domains into confusing intersecting streets and lanes and walls, afar in every direction, till the oldest inhabitant could never tell you where its limits proper begin or end.

Placido was telling them of his experience of the day before with the customs inspector at the Texas end of the bridge, and they all laughed and sympathized just at the right point for the narrator's greatest delectation, when 'Cension interrupted him with:

"Placido, what are baseballs? Señor Lerma gave me a copy of *El Ciudadano* on Sunday, and it says that the Americans across the river are going to have 'baseballs.' What are they, Placido?"

"Baseballs? Why, baseballs are on red wagons, señorita. I have seen them often."

"But, Placido, what are the 'Browns'? It said they would have 'browns' too?"

"Oh, the 'browns'! That's the one with the hose rolled round it."

"Why, Placido, I do believe you mean those things for putting out fires! Pablo once told me about them."

"Do I? Well, then, baseballs must be them wheels they ride;" for Placido had no intention of yielding the field. "Those fool 'Mericanos," he chuckled, "they do have queer things."

There was much of interest to the couple in the back seat now, for they were quite in the suburbs, and there was much to see—many crowded vehicles, bent, like their own, for the *fiesta*, all the señoritas in holiday attire. One could not give a more convincing proof of 'Cension's ingenuousness than in the fact of her being utterly unconscious of her own great loveliness, and of her never once comparing her own simple figured print with the often gaudy habiliments displayed on the road. In truth, the comparison need have brought no discomfort to her, for the bright greens, blues, rose-colors, and purples—why will Mexican women so outrage their thick complexions!—were a blot upon the bright morning.

A robustious señora, in a brilliant purple gown, with a grass-green aniline-bordered shawl over her head, was so utterly unconscious of the disparity as to make it positively delightful. 'Cension avoided these glaring combinations, that would slay a color critic, not so much from a defined superior taste as from an instinctive shrinking from anything *bizarre*. Her tastes were like her own sweet nature, subdued and chaste.

The sun was high in the heavens when they passed José Flores's store on the corner and turned into the main thoroughfare. Now they were indeed in town, and the *avenida principal* was one great confusion.

"Let's go to the church first," pleaded 'Cension, when Placido had safely disposed of the horses. So they climbed the few rough steps to the elevation where the old adobe cathedral stood. The recumbent gravestones of ancient dates in the yard and the strange old pewless interior were ever interesting to 'Cension. These worn stones about her feet, their mortuary art and illegible lettering, seemed to her a sorrowful rebuke to mourners who would fain have declared the lasting nature of their grief. She looked down upon these once immaculate tributes, and wondered if the knees of penitents in their journeys to and from the sacred edifice had not helped in wearing away their chiselled encomiums. In her simplicity she wondered why, after all, the living should persist in proclamations of eternal regret for the dead, which are so often proved a lie by the after-conduct of the inconsolable. The flowers she or Pablo laid daily upon Ysidora's grave seemed to her so much more honest—they would last no longer than their grief. A pair of patent-hinged green doors ornamented with brass tacks had taken the place of the worm-eaten, hand-carved, solid wood curiosities that 'Cension saw when last there, and showed the growth of American enterprise. This seemed indeed sacrilegious, and her heart was filled with indignation at the stupid creatures for this brand-new silk patch in the poor old threadbare garment. So incongruous was it as to be ludicrous.

They all stopped at the font, and dipping their fingers in the holy water, devoutly crossed themselves; then going forward, the party knelt on the bare floor, with many others, and told their beads.

There was a small coffin covered with red calico and cotton lace deposited on the altar of the infant Jesus on the left. The accompanying mourners knelt and squatted about, awaiting the *padre's* signal when the ceremonies were over. Anita's eyes grew round and startled as the cortege passed near her, and she clutched 'Cension's skirts tightly, and all thoughts of prayer left her mind in watching the funeral procession as the gay little box was carried into the street. The rollicking, reel-like melody played on the metallic-sounding stringed instruments escorting it still drifted back into the quiet church.

Anita did not believe with her countrymen that it was unreasonable and sinful to grieve for a child that dies. When our troops march along the streets the rabble march with them, as if on duty too, with a defiantlike bearing and an air of announcing that "Americans never, never, shall be slaves," and the rabble that accompanies the jubilant funeral train of Mexican youth proclaims, by a bearing and expression that says as plainly, "*niños* never, never, should be grown up!"

'Cension's devout heart was always full of pleasure in her few opportunities of kneeling here, where it all seemed so much nearer heaven than in the primitive church near her home, where the candles were principally furnished by old Placido as penance. He sometimes lost faith in the saints, and sent forth blasphemous beratings when the burros laid down with their packs, or he gambled, and, returning home happy with pulque and profit, pounded Casamira.

Before this beautiful altar of the Divine Mother, where she loved to kneel, it seemed so near heaven 'Cension could forget all problems. The many lights at the chancel looked dim in the large room. To an anti-Romanist it all looked cheerless, and little enough like being in the vicinity of heaven's portals. The hand-carved rafters overhead were a gloomy brown from age. The faded images and altar trappings looked absolutely ghastly. Unframed oil-paintings on the walls seemed to Anita's excited fancy to wink their eyes when she looked at them. When the unseen choir in the loft began a weird chanting with a nasal melancholy trail of voices and discordant instrument in accompaniment, it added to the strangeness, but not an iota to the heavenliness, to Anita's mind. She felt sure the drops of blood falling from a heart in a painting over her head were real blood—and implored 'Cension to go.

'Cension rose and signalled to Casamira, who came reluctantly, having been employed with the question of a red or blue *tapalo* for winter, and the probable price of shoes for her noisy progeny. It was time, too, high time, for the bull-fight!

The bugle sounded as they entered, and our party dropped into their seats as a large dun-colored bull rushed through the open gates. Ferocious at first, he cowered and refused to make a charge when Artenogenes de la Forre teased and prodded him with his gaudy darts. In disgust, Fuentes, with a dexterous thrust of a two-edged sword, felled the animal to the ground, and loudly demanded a better. The unworthy contestant was ignominiously dragged away amid shouts, and an animal looking every inch equal to fight rushed out of the gate. With lowered head he dashed madly at a flaunting red cloak waved at him, and his agile tormentor only escaped his vengeance by disappearing behind the strong board shield, forgetting his gracefulness in his hurry.

Suddenly 'Cension's attention was diverted. Could that be Eduardo passing out? Yes, she could never mistake him. And he was looking in their direction, too! Did he not see her when she waved her white handkerchief at him? She thought he must have, and her heart went down like lead as he passed quite out of sight. A sensation of burning heat, then cold, swept over her entire body as she wrestled with the disappointment, or doubt—which was it? A moment later, being hard pressed by his antagonist, the toreador turned swiftly and struck the point of his steel blade through the bull's heart.

The sight made 'Cension faint and sick, and she could stand it no longer. The sight of the poor mutilated beasts, the Mexicans yelling "Bravo!" when the banderillero got the best of the bull, the Americans yelling louder "Bravos!" when the bull tossed the matador up in the air, was altogether enough for 'Cension. She declared she must go, despite Placido and Casamira's protests.

"You are a fine Mexican," growled Placido, "too poor-spirited to see the bull-fight!"

"I think it is cruel and dreadful," declared 'Cension, warmly, and Anita pressed her hand approvingly.

They met Pablo outside, but he begged them to go on, as he would stay to see the fireworks of the evening, and consult with the *jefe politico* about the next day's programme, especially the *oraciones*.

'Cension cared nothing for these patriotic effusions, and felt even very little respect for the rather insignificant brown bust of Juarez on its pedestal of Orizaba marble, though it had been sent by Diaz himself. She told Pablo that she had met Señores Alverez and Candano, who wanted to speak to him in regard to the parade. Telling him they would not wait, after making their modest purchases at *La tienda Europa*—among other things a pretty red celluloid thimble as a surprise for the mother—they started homeward.

It was a silent party on the return journey. The reaction had come. Verily there is no present tense to perfect peace; it is indeed an infinitive of the future only. 'Cension felt a deep sense of depression that would not vanish at her bidding, and she watched the coming sunset with absently conscious interest. The parting tints made glad all nature as the sunset gun from Fort Bliss echoed faintly down the valley, "swinging low with sullen roar," and the Angelus from the old cathedral came with a distant mournful cadence. Even the broncos drooped their heads in an injured, disconsolate way.

When they finally drew up before the house, Casamira drew forth a neat little package of narrow bits of corn-husks, shook an accurately gauged little heap of tobacco upon one of the bits, and dexterously rolled a cigarette before leaving her perch. Placido, still sulky, dragged his cramped old legs down from his elevated seat with a grunt of general disapproval of the whole day. 'Cension and Anita both felt a deep satisfaction at being at home again, all the bright anticipations of the morning to the contrary notwithstanding.

"We shall not want you to take us to see the statue of Juarez unveiled to-morrow, Placido," said 'Cension, quietly. "We do not care to go." But unrelenting Placido only grunted again, derisively, knowing that 'Cension would not be offended by his gruffness.

"You are very late," complained Doña Liseta, when 'Cension kissed her with a warmth of manner as if it had been a long absence, or as if some inward discontent were solaced by the comfort of mother-love. "I am afraid the *frijoles* and *tamales* are cold," she went on, following the girls as they went to the table.

But no such annoyance awaited them. The neatly heaped *tamales* were steaming in their clean shuck wrappings, and the dark *frijoles* were piping hot. As 'Cension slowly removed a plump *tamale's* coat she answered her mother's questions about the day, letting Anita chatter on with uninterrupted details. It was plainly evident she neither felt much interest for the day's doings now nor appetite for the late meal. Then the boys rushed in, full of excitement, shouting, "Oh, *madre*, it was grand!" the younger one bringing up the rear, still echoing the reiteration of the day, "*Viva* la Mejico!" which had evidently lodged in his thick head in great numbers, and kept popping out spasmodically.

'Cension took this opportunity to slip quietly out.

An hour later she went to her favorite place under a great cottonwood, and, seating herself, sang soft, pathetic little songs, accompanying herself upon the guitar. She had a charming voice, most natural and sweet, and the good Sister Josefa had taught her carefully. She kept on with song after song, then glided into the sweet, swinging melody of "La Golondrina":

"Adonde ira veloz y fatigada,
La golondrina que de aqui se va,
Oh si en el viento gemira angustiada,
Buscando abrigoy no lo encontrara!
Junto a mi lecho le pondre su nido
En donde puede la estacion pasar
Tambien yo estoy en la region perdido,
Oh! cielo santo y sin poder volar."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAUNCH OF THE "NASHVILLE" AND "WILMINGTON."

The launch of the gunboats *Nashville* and *Wilmington* at Newport News on Saturday, October 19th, was notable as a spectacle from the fact that for the first time in the history of the navy, and probably of ship-building in this country, two vessels were sent into the water from one set of ways. They had been erected on one set of ways to facilitate their building. Only one derrick was necessary in hoisting their plates and beams to their places.

The ways were large enough for a 500-foot vessel, and the combined length of the two gunboats was 485 feet 3¼ inches. The *Nashville* was the nearer to the water. The total distance she had to slide was about 250 feet; the distance the *Wilmington* travelled was about 490 feet. Miss Emma Thompson, of Nashville, named the vessel for Tennessee's capital, and Miss Anne Gray, daughter of Senator Gray, the vessel called for Delaware's chief city. The occasion was one of considerable ceremony. The ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Bunce, were lying off the ship-yard, and they thundered salutes to Secretary Herbert of the navy, who was present, and also to the new ships.

The *Nashville* was launched at 9.48 o'clock. In going into the water she scraped the ways nearly clean of tallow, and before the *Wilmington* could be launched fresh lubricant had to be spread on the ways over the place where the *Nashville* had travelled. At 11.10 o'clock the *Wilmington* was sawed loose, and in forty-eight seconds more the double launch was over practically. To make sure that there should be no mishap in the ceremony of naming, a most fateful thing to sailors, the bottles of wine were attached by stout strings, as the illustrations show, to the bows of the ships, and when they started, the young ladies simply swung the bottles against the bows, where they were broken by the sharp impact. At several recent launchings in the navy the bottles have almost missed striking the ships, a second attempt sometimes being necessary. Under the new method a mishap of this kind would be almost impossible.

The *Nashville* and *Wilmington* are intended especially for river service. The former is 220 feet long, 38 feet broad, and draws 11 feet of water. She has twin screws, is schooner rigged, with two pole masts. Her speed will be 14 knots. Her displacement is 1371 tons. She has two kinds of boilers, water tube and fire tube, either or both of which can be used separately or together, and her coal capacity is 400 tons. Under a cruising speed of about eight knots she will have a large steaming radius.

The *Wilmington* is 250 feet long, 40 feet wide, but she draws only nine feet of water. She also has twin screws, and has a military mast with two tops. Her displacement is 1392 tons. Her coal capacity is 280 tons. She is peculiar in that she has two rudders. These are intended to facilitate a speedy turning of the vessel by means of a current or tide in narrow rivers, such as are frequent in China, where it will be necessary for the ship to plunge its bow into the bank, as used to be the method in our own Western rivers when a vessel had to be turned at a given place.

The armament for both gunboats is practically the same. They will have eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns for their main batteries, and four 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, and two Gatling-guns for secondary batteries. They should be in commission within a year at the most.

BARNATO AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN BOOM.

Once or twice in every generation there come moments when humanity goes financially mad. Such a moment has now arrived, as far as London, Paris, and Berlin are concerned. This is not the first time by any means that these centres have undergone a monetary insanity, but never in their histories have they speculated so wildly, have they invested so recklessly, as at the present time. In past years the crazes had been the Credit Mobilier, and only a few years ago the Panama Canal scheme.

But all these speculations were mild and on an insignificant scale compared to that which is at present agitating the three capitals mentioned, and which is known as the "Kafir Boom." By Kafir is meant, in a general way, the gold-mines of South Africa, and, like charity, the word covers a multitude of sins. The history of the Kafir boom may never be written, for it is both libellous and often unpolitic to tell the truth.

As told in recent cable despatches London has lost its senses completely. No such speculation (that word seems mild) has ever been seen in the history of finances. Not only have the sums invested been astounding, but the recklessness, the foolishness, and the senselessness with which apparently sane beings have poured their money forth into schemes which in all probability will not only never pay dividends, but which bear on the face of them the ear marks of failure, have been beyond belief.

Mining shares have risen 100 per cent. sometimes within an hour; mining companies have paid alleged dividends of 500 per cent.; companies with vast capital have been floated in minutes, and yet the end does not seem in sight.

It is all of surpassing interest, but it is bound to end sooner or later as all such things do—in collapse, in ruin to thousands and in misery to many, and when that time comes a name which is now a word of magic, that of Barney Barnato, will be execrated and cursed the length and breadth of Europe. At present the name of Barnato is an "open sesame" with which to unlock the coffers of Europe. An enterprise has merely to bear that name to be successfully launched upon the waters of finance.

Twenty years ago Barnato had difficulty in getting as many pence as he has millions now. At that time he was an acrobat, a contortionist, and a juggler on the sidewalks of Whitechapel. He earned an honest but precarious living by spreading a small carpet wherever his fancy dictated, and then performing his tricks. Having done his "turn," he would collect the few pennies offered, and would seek other regions. In this way he managed to exist and to keep body and soul together. But a change came o'er the spirit of his dream; he became ambitious, and he looked for new worlds to conquer.

Just at that time the diamond boom in Kimberley was at its height, and Barnato became imbued with the fever and set sail for Cape Town. He evidently arrived there, but nothing is known of his career until about a year later, when he startled that part of the world by playing Hamlet. He escaped with his life, and shortly afterwards began his career as a financier.

At first he bought a few diamonds, which he sold at a profit. Then he bought a few mining shares, which he also sold at a profit. Then he bought a great many mining shares, so many, in fact, that in 1885 he practically owned two-thirds of the diamond-mines at Kimberley. Everything he touched turned into gold—he was a veritable modern Midas. During this period he made the acquaintance of Cecil Rhodes, the son of an English clergyman, who had gone to South Africa in search of health, and had gained both that and wealth.

They formed a silent partnership, and began a financial campaign that has culminated in the present Kafir boom. Between them they practically owned all the diamond-mines, and formed a trust to control the output. They consolidated the five diamond mines at Kimberley under the name of the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company, with a capital of fifty million dollars. Having accomplished this, they promptly reduced the output to such a level that the price of diamonds was doubled within a month. In consequence they were enabled to pay a yearly dividend of about twenty-five per cent. on their enormous capital.

But their operations were restricted; the territory was too small. In 1886 their opportunity came. Gold was discovered three hundred miles north of Kimberley, in the Witwatersrand district of the Transvaal. The precious metal was found on the farm of a Boer named Bezuidenhout, who knew the value of his land, and subsequently retired a millionaire.

The moment that the news of this find reached Kimberley, Barnato sent trusted agents northward and took everything within sight. He staked out mining claims in the names of himself, his cousins, his aunts, his maternal grandmother, and goodness knows who else. In this way he managed, according to the mining laws of the Transvaal, to get the best claims for nothing, and with the able assistance of Mr. Rhodes, Henry J. King, Alfred Beit, and S. Neuman & Co., Carl Hanau, and others he floated company after company, with capitals ranging from two hundred thousand to five million dollars.

The way in which this was done was both interesting and instructive. Of course the first thing to be done was to get a mining engineer's report upon the property. This accomplished, the next step was to issue a prospectus glowing in terms and fairly bubbling over with promises of good things to come. This prospectus was accompanied by specimens of ore carefully selected from the richest part of the property. It is even alleged that some of this ore was doctored; that shot-guns loaded with gold-dust were fired into the rocks to enrich the assays, and that salting the mines was a more or less common occurrence. But while these charges were openly made, the benefit of the doubt should be given to Barnato, for perhaps his agents imposed upon him.

But be that as it may, the fact remains that numerous wild-cat schemes were floated, and all the prospectuses that glittered were not gold. These prospectuses were, however, necessary, for fish cannot be caught without bait, and the public, as the late Mr. Barnum remarked, likes to be fooled. In this case the public paid the piper, and Mr. Barnato and his friends did the dance—a dance of financial joy.

For instance, they would float a company for two hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount one-half would go to Mr. Barnato as vender and promoter, a quarter would be expended in floating the enterprise, and the balance would be used in developing the property. As it takes about half a million dollars to properly develop a gold-mine before dividends can be paid—that is, under the most favorable circumstances—it is self-evident that the seventy-five thousand dollars remaining was utterly inadequate.

Barnato knew this, of course, and calculated accordingly. He had not the slightest intention of keeping the shares he had obtained free of all cost. He knew a better trick than that. With his able assistants he started a boom in gold-mining shares, through means of reports of rich finds in various parts of the country. These reports, as a rule, came after the close of the market, giving the confederacy plenty of time to sell their stocks and shares before the rumor or reports could be verified or discredited. In this way they rolled up millions—not one or two or three, but hundreds. In a period of four years they accumulated at least five hundred million of dollars, of which Barnato and Rhodes owned, and still own, four-fifths.

Shares went up like sky-rockets. They advanced by leaps and bounds from pence to pounds, and from pounds to tens of pounds. Fortunes were made in a twinkle, and on the site of the farm where gold was first found there arose as if by magic the city of Johannesburg. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp could scarcely have performed a more remarkable feat than the building of this city. In two years it rose from a tented camp to a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, with churches, theatres, fine dwelling-houses, and still finer public buildings. It had electric lights, water, and everything except sanitary arrangements. And all this in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

Johannesburg was three hundred miles from the nearest railroad station, separated from that terminal by a stretch of dry and waterless prairie. It took six days at the quickest, by means of relays of mules and horses, to get from Kimberley to Johannesburg. It took a month or more to get supplies from place to place; and yet, despite all this, every nail, every screw, every ounce of iron, had to be brought from the city of diamonds to the city of gold.

The Transvaal government did its utmost to help Johannesburg, until it saw danger to itself in the presence of so many foreigners, especially Englishmen, and an oppressive policy was begun. All sorts of restrictions were placed upon the people. Concessions were granted to favored friends for electric-lighting, for street cars, for the making of bread, for the manufacture of jam, for everything under the sun except a railroad to connect Johannesburg with the rest of the world. These concessions granted an exclusive right for the manufacture or control of a certain industry, and compelled everybody else to pay tribute to the concessionnaire. This naturally aroused great dissatisfaction, dissatisfaction grew into mutterings, mutterings into open threats, and open threats into an incipient revolution.

On the 4th of March, 1890, President Kruger, of the Transvaal, came to Johannesburg to quiet, if possible, the populace, but so threatening was the danger that he was compelled to seek safety in flight at three o'clock in the morning. During the night an infuriated mob pulled down the Transvaal flag in front of his house, tore it to shreds, and was only prevented from killing the President by a few cooler heads.

All this, and the fact that a great many of the mines had turned out worthless, tended to depress the market. Prices fell just as rapidly as they had risen; a bank failed, and then came the crash. Failure after failure was announced, hundreds were ruined, but Barnato and his friends weathered the storm triumphantly, for their shares had cost nothing.

Mr. Rhodes had in the mean time become the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and in order to save himself he had to do something to re-establish his credit as a financial genius. He was equal to the occasion, and saved the

(Continued on page 1050.)

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(*Continued from page* 1049.)

day for not only himself, but for Barnato. He went to London and obtained a royal charter for the British South Africa Company. This concern had obtained a concession in an exceedingly underhand way from King Lo Benguela, who ruled Matabeleland. The King took great care never to be sober, so that it was an easy matter for the agents of Mr. Rhodes to get his signature to a contract practically giving his entire country over to the British South Africa Company for a few pounds and some rum.

This new company for the time being detracted attention from the affairs of Johannesburg, and enabled Barnato to get a breathing spell. He must have gotten his "second wind" soon, because in 1892 a second boom was well under way. Mr. Barnato, Mr. Rhodes, and their friends engineered the plot so cleverly that prices rose gradually at the outset, thus gaining the confidence of investors. Having accomplished that, Barnato opened the throttle wide, and the market went ahead with full steam.

With the rapidity of lightning prices rose, and the boom of 1890 was succeeded by one of such proportions as to completely eclipse its predecessor. London was the first to catch the fever, then came Paris, then Berlin, and all three had bad attacks of the disease. Common-sense was thrown to the wind, and humanity fell over itself in its mad anxiety to invest in Kafir shares.

That is the present state of affairs as told briefly but accurately in the cable despatches. What the future will bring is impossible to say, but it is a safe prediction that the collapse is not far off. It is an utter impossibility for prices to remain as they are.

As far as the Transvaal itself is concerned, there is not the slightest doubt that it is one of the richest countries, as far as minerals are concerned, in the world. That the existence of gold in this region was known to the ancients is a matter of history. This is proven by the ruins of an ancient city in Portuguese East Africa bearing inscriptions in Phœnician. Then, too, the Portuguese, as well as the natives, have attempted to mine gold in the years gone by. Everywhere throughout the country are abandoned shafts and diggings, and Portuguese history tells of a discovery of gold in the sixteenth century. Nothing systematic was, however, done until 1886.

The Witwatersrand (Edge of the White Waters) district is the richest in South Africa. The main reef extends for a distance of forty miles from Krugersdorp through Johannesburg to Boksberg. It is within a few feet of a surface ranging from six to seven feet in thickness, and is of the conglomerate quartz known as banket. This quartz or mixture consists of flint, shells, sand, crystals, and, of course, the gold. The reef dips from the north to the south, and runs from east to west, and is evidently due to volcanic origin. The dip is such that at a horizontal distance of three miles from their outcrop the reefs are probably two miles beneath the surface.

The depth at which these mines, and there are about sixty all told, can be worked at a profit will depend chiefly upon the value of the ore, the cost of the plant for developing, and the quantity of water that will have to come out of the shafts. As far as the water is concerned, there is but little danger from that source, for most of it comes from springs near the surface. From experiments made in bore holes three thousand feet deep it has been demonstrated that the temperature at this level will be one hundred degrees of heat. From the conclusions of a number of mining experts it is thought possible to work with profit at this depth.

The two mines which furnish 75 per cent. of the total output of the district—the United Langlaagte and the May Consolidated—are now extracting ore from an average depth of 400 feet. Up to August, 1892, there had been taken from these mines about 3,000,000 tons of ore, which had yielded 12½ pennyweights of gold per ton.

Since then these mines have produced about 4,000,000 tons of ore, the average per ton having increased to $13\frac{2}{10}$ pennyweights. It is an interesting fact that in all the mines the value of the ore has slightly increased rather than decreased, averaging from 8 to 27 pennyweights.

The $35,000,000 of gold which constituted the output last year was taken almost entirely from the main reef, so that in 1897, when the deep-level mines will be in full operation, the product should be fully $50,000,000 for the year. Experts estimate that the high-water mark will be reached in 1900, when about $65,000,000 will be taken out of the ground.

The Transvaal was third in the list of gold-producing countries in 1894, but it is probable that this year it will be second to the United States, with Australia third.

It does not necessarily follow that an increase of the output will benefit investors, for the success of a few rich mines has had the effect of inducing them to invest in many wild-cat speculations, so that, when all is told, it is probable that the profits, taking the general average, in 1900 will not be much greater than they are at present.

The richness of the mines is not due to the great gold-bearing quality of the reefs, but to the fact of large continuous bodies of ore of moderate grade.

During the existence of these mines, from 1887 until the first of this year, 10,110,000 tons of ore have been extracted, yielding 6,544,584 ounces of gold, worth about $17 50 per ounce, and having a gross value of $110,000,000. The dividends paid during the same period amount in round figures to $23,000,000, or 19 per cent. of the output. Last year there were milled 2,827,635 tons, yielding 2,024,162 ounces of gold, worth $35,000,000, and the dividends declared for the year amounted to $7,050,000, or 20 per cent. of the output. The value of the output of the fifty producing mines on the 1st of last January was $160,000,000.

The output per year in ounces since gold was discovered in the Transvaal is as follows:

1887	28,754	1891	727,912
1888	240,266	1892	1,150,519
1889	366,023	1893	1,381,128
1890	479,302	1894	1,837,773

This means that the increase in the world's output is due to the extent of 56 per cent. to these mines.

South Africa is a country of minerals; it abounds in them. Wherever the prospector looks there are minerals. Beside diamonds and gold, which are also found in the Orange Free State and in the Zoutpansberg, there is silver near Pretoria, copper in Namaqualand, asbestos in Griqualand West, iron everywhere, and a dozen other minerals, such as nickel, platinum, aluminum, and even vanadium, scattered all through the land.

The country is fertile and capable of producing great crops of wheat and grain, as well as oranges, bananas, and tobacco. A railroad has been built and opened connecting Johannesburg and Pretoria with Kimberley and Natal, and the general prospects of the land would be bright indeed but for the spirit of speculation that is taking hold of it.

It is speculation and nothing else. All legitimate business is neglected; everybody wants to get rich overnight, and in consequence necessities of life command an exorbitant figure. In conclusion it may be said, and said from a long and varied experience in that part of the world, that some day South Africa will be a serious commercial rival to the United States, not only in gold, but in other products as well. It has all the natural advantages, and requires only a strong dose of common-sense, a stronger dose of honesty, and a tremendous dose of anti-speculation virus to put it on a level where prosperity and success will be assured facts.

But all this can only come after Barnato and Rhodes and their friends have relaxed their hold upon South Africa, for they are the evil genii which endanger its future. With them it has become a one-industry country; without them it will become a country where any and every industry can and will thrive.

It is at present passing through a transition stage, due either to a momentary aberration or to that permanent degeneracy of which Max Nordau talks. EDGAR MELS.

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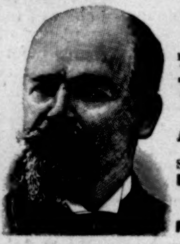

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AMATEUR · SPORT

We have been grossly deceived, so it seems, as to the position of the *America's* Cup in the yachting world and our relation thereto. It is not, after all, an international trophy open to the world under the traditional rulings of its holders, but rather a piece of plate to be held in trust by the New York Yacht Club until such time and under such conditions as it shall please his lordship the Earl of Dunraven to come hither and name. Under this new light—considerately shed upon our ignorance by the Earl's Gentleman-in-Waiting, Mr. Dixon Kemp, and elaborated for our better understanding by the British press—the recent Cup series loses the aspect of a farce-comedy and becomes a melodrama, with the Earl as the injured "Goo Goo" and the New York Yacht Club as the heavy villain. That the New York Yacht Club should have considered its forty-eight years of successful defence of this Cup as establishing any precedent worthy to oppose his lordship's uttermost whims is only another instance of how steadfastly some people will cling to what they believe just and right. That the Cup Committee should not have agreed, after the sailing of two races, to upset for the third the conditions under which the match had been arranged simply indicates inexcusable unappreciation of the prerogatives of royalty.

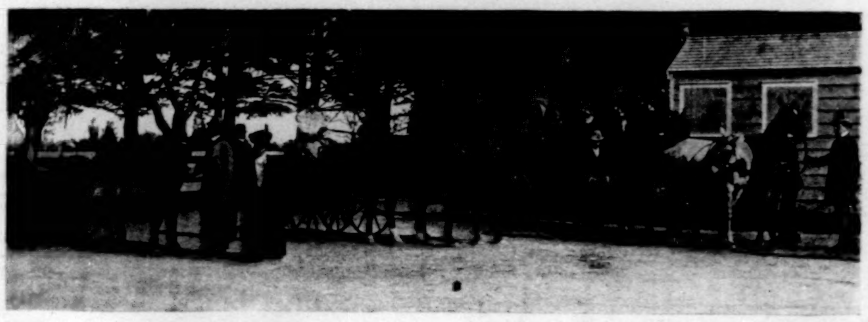
OPENING DRIVE OF THE MORRISTOWN GOLF TOURNAMENT.

Sands Putting.

Rutherford Putting.

THE MATCH AT MEADOW BROOK.

We may view the action of the New York Yacht Club with a degree of leniency, in so much as its long experience in yacht-racing has naturally prejudiced it in favor of conditions which its committees have grown to believe equitable. But no such excuse can be advanced for the anti-English attitude of the Messrs. Vanderbilt, Iselin, and Morgan, the owners of *Defender*, nor for the Messrs. Herreshoff, her designers and builders. Mr. Iselin must have known—and if he did not, the British law accepts no plea of ignorance—that his *carte-blanche* order to Herreshoff would be exceedingly "offensive" to his lordship the Earl of Dunraven. And for Nat Herreshoff to have become a party to the collusion, and loaned his skill to the undoing of a "cousin" designer (for we are cousins, we and the Britisher), was decidedly uncousinly, not to say partisan.

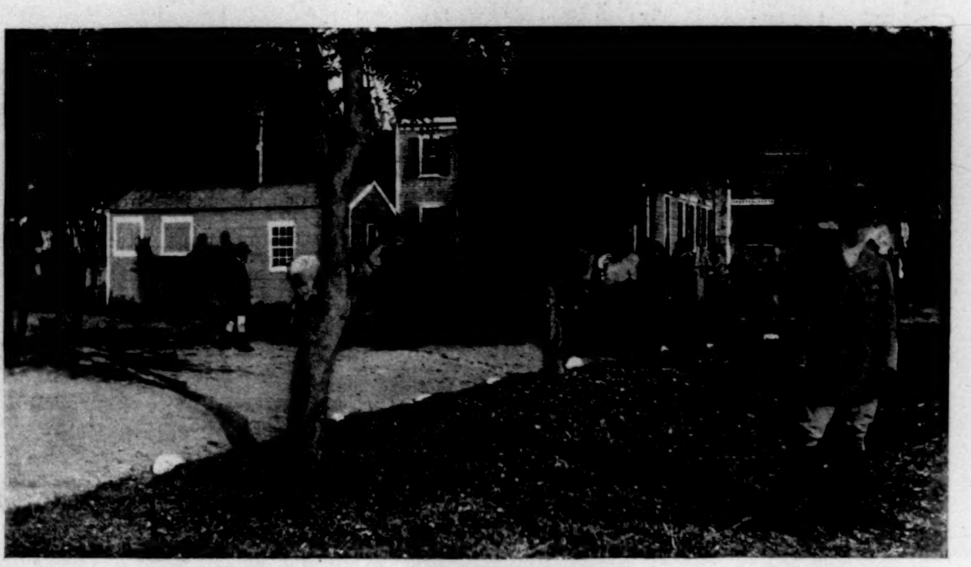


THE ROAD CONTINGENT AT MEADOW BROOK.

THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS.

THE SANDS-RUTHERFORD MATCH ON THE MEADOW BROOK LINKS.

As for the enthusiastic excursionists, it can be said in their extenuation that the Earl was the first real live lord the on-lookers had beheld, and that the captains labored under the delusion that the head of the house of Dunraven was a sportsman. Now, however, since the Earl, through his Gentleman-in-Waiting, Mr. Dixon Kemp, has acquainted us with his *America's* Cup censorship, there is nothing left for us but to condemn the New York Yacht Club for failing to banish those spectators to Bedlows Island, and to hurl large and deadly charges of dynamite upon the captains.



AT THE MEADOW BROOK KENNELS.

It is hardly human nature to discuss seriously the absurdities that marked the connection of Dunraven with the *America's* Cup series of '95. And the merits and demerits of the race, the foul and the "crawl" that sum up Dunraven's attempt to win the cup, have already been fully discussed in earlier issues. We had supposed Dunraven's peevish ire would have given place, ere he reached the other side, to a realization of the mistakes he made in his demands upon the N.Y. Y.C., and his subsequent withdrawal of *Valkyrie*. The British press had calmed after its vituperative explosion, judgment by the more representative newspapers had been pronounced against him, and another challenge for the *America's* cup had been sent by Charles D. Rose.

But no sooner has he set foot on his native heath than he unburdens himself to Mr Dixon Kemp, who interprets his sentiments as follows concerning the Rose challenges, and sends a written copy to the United Press:

> "The challenge issued by an American for the *America's* cup, made through the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, is most disagreeable, not to say offensive, to me, for the reason that the American people have been assured by the American press that the challenge is intended as a mark of censure upon me and a vindication of the action of the Cup Committee.
>
> "The New York Yacht Club, however, knows perfectly well that it is not an English challenge, although it is backed by the committee of the Royal Victoria Club, which committee by this time must greatly regret their acquiescence in an unconditional challenge made by an Anglo-American.
>
> "The attitude of the New York Yacht Club's Cup Committee in accepting the challenge as a vindication of its conduct is simply ludicrous. Current gossip here is that two American gentlemen are associated with Mr. Rose in building the *Distant Shore*, and the members of the New York Yacht Club must be simple indeed if they fancy that Englishmen attach any importance to Mr. Rose's challenge."

Meanwhile the challenge is sent through the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, is received by the N. Y. Y. C., and accepted under most sportsmanlike conditions. Meanwhile, too, Dunraven's carping as exploited by Kemp draws criticism. The Earl declares the interview "bogus"; he is asked by the United Press for a denial, which he at first ignores, and later deigns to say,

> "If Mr. Kemp made use of any remarks I made to him by publishing them, or put forward any views as being mine, it was entirely unauthorized and without my knowledge."

While Kemp also delivers himself of a letter, to wit:

> "Lord Dunraven called on me just now. He is not going to make any revelations at the dinner in Cardiff or elsewhere. In your cablegram to New York you make him say that the New York Yacht Club knew perfectly well that Mr. Rose's challenge was not an English challenge. Lord Dunraven did not say this. The remark was mine in the letter I wrote you."

Whereupon the United Press manager publishes the following:

> "I wish to say that I have a copy of the interview in question signed by the yachting editor of the leading sporting newspaper of London, who made the interview at my request. I am prepared to show this copy to you or to Lord Dunraven if desired. The name appended to the interview will be at once accepted as a guarantee of the accuracy of the report."

How much of the interview is Dunraven and how much Kemp there is no means of knowing, but as Dunraven has already made statements quite as unjust and false, and as Kemp has filled his columns of the *Field* with the most insulting attacks on American yachtsmen anent *Valkyrie's* recent defeat, there is every good reason to believe that both are evenly represented by the sentiment if not by the exact language.

Next in this travesty come the following two cables:

"NEWMARKET, *Oct.* 23.

"*Oddie, Secretary New York Yacht Club:*

"Owing to the general impression that my challenge might be construed as an expression of opinion on the result of the last race, I much regret having to ask you to withdraw the same.

"CHARLES D. ROSE."

"RYDE, *Oct.* 23.

"*Secretary of the New York Yacht Club:*

"Have received letter from Rose withdrawing challenge for *America's* Cup. Have called committee. Will mail you officially.

"THELLUSSON."

TO BE A LORD is in yachting England evidently of greater importance than to be a sportsman. There are so many absurdities it is hard to make a choice, but certainly none is more pitiable than the objection to the Rose challenge because it was not truly representative of England. Rose lives in London; was born in Canada; his father is a Canadian; his mother has the good luck to have been born in Vermont. The challenging yacht was to have been designed by an Englishman, built of English material in an English yard by an English firm, and manned by English sailors. I had always believed this race a test between English and American designers, but we seem to know little of the *America's* Cup since Dunraven and his friend Kemp undertook our enlightenment. If other evidence were wanting to disclaim Mr. Rose's Americanism, it would be amply set forth in his intimidation by a querulous lord, and his disregard for the sporting honor of the club through which he issued his challenge. No American has ever yet in any game withdrawn a challenge. Mr. Rose's action is that of a timorous school-boy, fearful lest the bully warm his jacket for daring to venture an opinion.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB is placed in a most embarrassing position; it, not Mr. Rose, is responsible to the New York Yacht Club, and having issued a challenge, it is, according to all sporting codes, bound to be represented on the battle-ground, even if it has to raise a subscription among its members to build a yacht. But the N.Y.Y.C. will probably not exact such fulfilment. It is not worth while. No man battles with an unwilling opponent.

If there is another challenge we hope it will come from a sportsman and a gentleman. From the very first Dunraven has been a querulous antagonist with offensive suspicions. Not only has he insulted American yachtsmen in general, and the N.Y.Y.C. in particular, but he seems to have made a deliberate attempt to besmirch the *America's* Cup and all pertaining thereto. The N.Y.Y.C. would show small consideration indeed for its dignity were it ever to entertain another challenge from Dunraven, who, when all this storm has blown over, will still be written down expressively if inelegantly as a "quitter" and a "squealer."

Meanwhile we shall enjoy our respite from attacks which for rancorousness of feeling and injustice are unprecedented in sporting history.

WHILE THE ST. ANDREWS TOURNAMENT was narrowing down to the finals, the Staatsburg Golf Club was holding a meeting, in which the young phenomenon C. E. Sands came and conquered, winning the gold medal offered by Archibald Rogers from Winthrop Rutherford. Following upon and as a result of this tournament came the first disquieting feature of the golfing year in shape of the vainglorious match between C. E. Sands and Rutherford for $1000 a side. The friends of these gentlemen will mourn their uncertain grasp upon the distinction between one who plays for sport and one who plays for gain. The public generally has not hitherto beheld a similar contest in any sport between amateurs, and may be pardoned for associating Messrs. Sands and Rutherford in their thoughts with professionals. There is a very general regret among sportsmen that two of their number should so nearly approach the dividing-line between them and the "sporting gentry."

There is no rule in golf limiting the amount by which a player may back himself, but there is the tacit understanding that gentlemen have "only a bit on" to stimulate the jaded interest of those for whom the laurel wreath does not suffice. It behooves the United States Golf Association to rule on this matter of betting ere some others with personal differences to settle, and no regard for amateur sport to speak of, seek the links for the exploitation of their tendencies.

TRUTH IS, WE NEED A UNIVERSAL RULE touching this question and governing all sport. A man who plays for money should be, and is, in fact, a professional. The one cardinal difference between the amateur and the professional rests entirely on the incentive to play: the amateur plays for sport, the professional for cash. If the golfer or pigeon-shot play for stakes it is evident that the mere glory of victory or a suitable trophy is not all-sufficient, therefore the incentive to play is not sport for sport's sake, but sport for gain—the precise motive entertained by the professional. Hence the difference between such an amateur and the professional is one of fancy, and not of fact.

The story of the Sands-Rutherford match over the Meadow Brook course is a short one. Rutherford played as well as he usually does in a match which is not up to his best form. Sands is a match-player, and showed a strong game. After the eighth hole he had everything his own way, and finally won by 3 holes and 2 to play. This match and Sands's play since at Newport remove all doubt as to his showing in the championship having been accidental or by fluke. He may not know the finesse of golf—his form is certainly open to criticism according to the accepted lines—but nevertheless he plays a hard, skilful, and a consistent game, and is a coming champion.

THE MORRIS COUNTY GOLF CLUB has just closed an interesting week of play, in which the team match between Shinnecock, Lakewood, Morris County, and Tuxedo was won for Shinnecock Hills by Hon. Horace Russell, J. F. Grey, James L. Breese, S. F. Watson, with a total score of 413, with Lakewood and Morris County tied for second place. If it had not been for the erratic playing of one of the Lakewood team, who is a "beginner," and made the poor score of 124, his club would have carried off the honors. The play generally was good, with no notable exceptions of superior excellence, though Jaspar Lynch made the best individual score, of 94, with Russell, 100, Watson, 98, Kimball, 99, and Kent, 99, the next best. The final contest for the H. McK. Twombly cup between J. R. Lowell and W. A. Flagg was not very interesting, owing to the high wind, which largely accounted for the indifferent quality of play. Flagg is usually safe to do the course in 100, but on this occasion took 112 strokes, while Lowell, who drives off somewhat after the manner he used to meet the baseball in college, turned in a score of 108. The end of the week furnished a novelty in the mixed foursome match, and some interesting and very close play between the first three couples. Miss Shelton and C. D. Beckwith won by one stroke in 55 over nine holes, both showing steady play, and Miss Shelton's putting being notable. Miss Howland Ford and Henry Shaw, Jun., Miss Hoy and J. R. Brinley, tied for second with 55. The form of the women generally was exceedingly good.

TUXEDO'S HANDICAP MATCH for the Griswold Cup on Saturday revealed Dr. E. C. Rushmore, scratch, in very strong form. He tied for first at 87 with William Kent, to whom he conceded 17 strokes, and in the play-off repeated his score, while Kent fell off 10 strokes. Next to E. C. Kent was Alfred Seton, Jun., who tied him on actual strokes, 98, and Dr. Rainsford followed with 99 strokes (actual); William Kent, with 104; Gould Hoyt, 106; Philip Allen, 107; and the others of the 24 starters well behind. Rushmore is a very strong driver, and recently made the record for this links, 38. At the Knollwood links E. L. Van Etten has again lowered the club record, this time to 90 for the 18 holes.

At St. Andrews the championship contest for the monthly handicap winners brought out James Park, J. M. Knapp, W. S. Hodgman, J. C. Ten Eyck, B. S. de Garmendia, and Daniel Chauncey. Park won, and with no need of his handicap (3), for his actual score was 89, to Ten Eyck's (scratch) 99, and de Garmendia's 100 (handicap 1). Knapp did 105, and the other two 106 each, but on handicap Knapp was second, Hodgman third. The play showed steady improvement, in the newer men especially.

A MATCH BETWEEN C. E. AND W. H. SANDS would be interesting, provided each played the best golf he knew. In the St. Andrews tournament, where W. H. Sands won the two-year-old cup, first-class steady playing was shown almost without exception by every contestant, the average of nine of them being under one hundred for the eighteen holes; this speaks for itself.

A word as to the players. De Garmendia has got his eye in for driving and iron-work. If he would practise putting more he would be a dangerous man in any company. Jaspar Lynch's style is good, but he is prone to nervousness, being somewhat like Kerr in that respect—a following crowd is likely to rattle him. H. G. Trevor is an old tennis-player; next year if he keeps to the links he will move up a class, for his improvement of late has been very marked. H. W. Taft has been a great surprise; if he could gain more certainty in distance his coolness would stand him in good stead; he should have beaten W. R. Innis at St. Andrews. A. L. Livermore does not play like a novice, and barring a tendency to get excited, his game is one of the best. There was little excuse for his nine strokes at the seventeenth hole. Q. A. Shaw was not up to his best form early in the tournament, but when he met Sands in the contest for the club cup he came to the front like a winner. Stroke for stroke, it was anybody's match, and at the eighteenth hole they were even; the nineteenth was halved amidst great excitement, and Sands won the twentieth. A match like this is worth travelling some distance to see.

Sands was outdriven often by Ten Eyck in their match, and only beat him in approaching. It is a pleasure to see Ten Eyck drive from the tee; he gets a flight over his ball that reminds us of one of the greatest of the "Willies"—Park.

A WORD AS TO HAVING COACHERS in the persons of "expert caddies." I firmly believe too much advice a detriment to a player engaged in an exciting match. It destroys his self-reliance, and probably no two golfers play the most important strokes exactly alike. Likely Sands would have played a better game in the last Newport round, for instance, if Dunn had not carried his clubs.

The method of addressing a ball, especially for a drive, differs so much with players' individualities that it is like the pitcher's or bowler's preliminary swing before delivery: a man finds the way that gives him the best and surest start, that makes him feel most comfortable, and then lets drive. To change cramps his style unquestionably. Sands's fashion of carrying through one or two false swings on the teeing-ground close to the ball was justly objected to by MacDonald. If by accident one should hit for a long drive (something that might happen), it is hardly to be supposed he would call his own ball back and impose the penalty on himself. The rule is, in substance, that all practice of full swings on the green must be made at a yard's distance from the ball. No doubt Sands was deprived of some necessary assurance by being obliged to change his manner of address.

APPLIED PRACTICE IN GOLF is of two distinct kinds—good and bad; no medium—for there is that kind of listless, half-hearted work that does more harm than good. No matter if a man is playing with the rankest duffer, which is often a trial, he should do his best. Shiftless methods stick like glue, and indulging in a don't-care, spiritless game creates havoc with one's form and eye. With this fact constantly in mind improvement is sure to follow; a disregard of it long persisted in means a blight to all hopes for the future.

It is well in practice, when you have missed a stroke on the putting-green and there is no one following closely, to replace your ball and try it over again more carefully. Ten to one you do it easily, and thus you gain lost confidence. But it is not always possible, for many reasons, to do this, and practice links are not provided for beginners—it would be a good thing if they were—so any way that enables one to practise alone is a godsend.

Many ideas and machines have been thought of and invented to overcome this difficulty, and, as usual, the best is the simplest. You can perfect yourself in every stroke on your own front lawn, and have also the pleasure of competition.

Most novices make their tees too high—much in the shape of a chicken croquette, in fact. A proper tee should not be more than three-quarters of an inch in height, and the lower the better. Little paper cones made for the purpose can be bought by the hundred, and will help cure a bad habit.

THE MEADOW BROOK CLUB's invitation hunt drew the largest field that has been seen hereabouts in many a long day. If the plan were followed now and again by the other clubs in turn, the result would be beneficial to the sport. The idea might, indeed, be pursued further, and the quality of hounds tested over strange country. Some exceedingly interesting and instructive experiments could be made with the several packs of imported English, American-bred English, and American hounds. There is much we do not yet know of the respective merits of these. Meadow Brook is the home *par excellence* of the aniseseed bag, splendid open going and stiff fencing, and the seventy riders and the large and active road contingent, in every conceivable trap, enjoyed the exhilarating sport provided for them over this club's country the other day.

THE PRESENT FOOTBALL SEASON will teach us many lessons before its close, but none more convincingly than that the days of running up big scores are passed. The science of the game has ceased to be confined to the few larger college elevens. Already we have seen Harvard, Yale, and Princeton scored upon by teams which a few years ago barely furnished them good practice. Pennsylvania is the only one of the large universities whose goal-line has not been crossed this year. The past week has conclusively proved Pennsylvania, too, as the one having developed its offensive play most effectively. She defeated Lafayette, 30-0, and Lafayette had previously beaten Cornell, 6-0. Harvard's offensive play, although far from a perfected state, showed by the Cornell victory, 25-0, a great advance over the week previous. Both Yale and Princeton seem to have devoted all their energy to the defensive, and certainly Princeton has succeeded in this respect beyond all expectations. Each showed its weakness in offensive Saturday, neither being able to score against its opponents. Yale 0 *vs.* Boston A.A. 0, and Princeton 0 *vs.* Orange A. C. 0—scores hitherto unparalleled on the football records. It is true that both the B.A.A. and Orange A.C. teams are strong, the latter stronger than ever before, but nevertheless the results show Yale and Princeton unusually weak in scoring play, due in both cases to rush-lines which have required an unusual amount of coaching on defensive work, and in Princeton's case aggravated by rather indifferent material back of the line. To Yale this weakness is not so portentous, since there is yet ample time before meeting Princeton to reach the usual New Haven standard. For Princeton, however, with her Harvard game coming next Saturday, an undeveloped attack is a more serious matter.

AT HARVARD VERY LITTLE WAS DONE until a week ago to develop systematic play. The men had been left largely to themselves, and, as was evident in the Brown game, they lacked a variety of resources. During the past week the team has been thoroughly shaken up. Several of the plays used earlier have been discarded, and Deland has taught the eleven a variety of new, or partly new, ones. These are not in the line of "tricks," but simple clean football, depending upon perfect drilling rather than upon artifice. The first effect of this was an apparent set-back of about three weeks, from which the eleven was just recovering when it met Cornell Saturday. In the first half of that game the defensive play was fairly good and the offensive poor, with ragged interference and a lack of concerted action both in and back of the line. But in the second half the improvement was considerable. The line held better, and opened up Cornell to some purpose, while the interference showed some intelligence in its formation and excellent results in its work. It was very evident, however, that the team was in the first stages of its development, for good work and poor work ruled alternately. The team was uncertain of itself, in other words, but the encouraging signs were the aggressiveness of the men and the effectiveness of their play when they hit it off.

PRINCETON'S PLAY AGAINST ORANGE showed a remarkably strong defensive and equally remarkable weak offensive. Orange could make no impression on the line, and, on the other hand, Princeton seemed without ability to carry the ball across her opponent's goal, although on one occasion it looked as though she had scored. If Princeton could develop offensive work equal to her defensive the chances of her winning next Saturday would be good. Her defence is stronger than Harvard's, but her attack has shown nothing like the aggressiveness nor effectiveness of the crimson. Harvard has a scoring team, and Princeton has not. It appears to me the game will be much closer than is generally expected. I believe Harvard will experience great difficulty in getting through the Princeton line, but some of her plays seem equal to it, and her kicking ought to put her very near Princeton's goal several times during the game. In fact, I rather expect to see a kicking game, with the possibility of a field goal by Princeton, and at the end a small score in favor of Harvard.

Harvard and Princeton have agreed to the following rules to govern their match:

> "The rules as they now stand are similar to the Yale-Princeton rules, with the exception that in addition to the four ordinary backs two other men are allowed behind the line, these being either the tackles or ends in any formation, provided they are not more than five yards behind the rush-line. No man, however, is allowed to start before the ball is put in play. In case of a free catch, the man making the catch is not allowed to run with the ball or pass it unless he first touches it to the ground. If he does not run with the ball he may have the option of a first down upon the spot at which the ball is caught, or he can kick the ball, the opposing side not being permitted to line up within ten yards of the ball."

Cornell's play against Harvard showed a very great improvement on her work against Lafayette. Her game against Princeton, November 9th, should be close and interesting. There is not the space this week for more extended football comment; but I must commend the umpiring of Dashiel in the Harvard-Cornell game. If the Penn.-Duquesne A. C. game showed anything, it suggested that Penn. must nourish her interference very carefully. It is an interference that must work like lightning to be effective.

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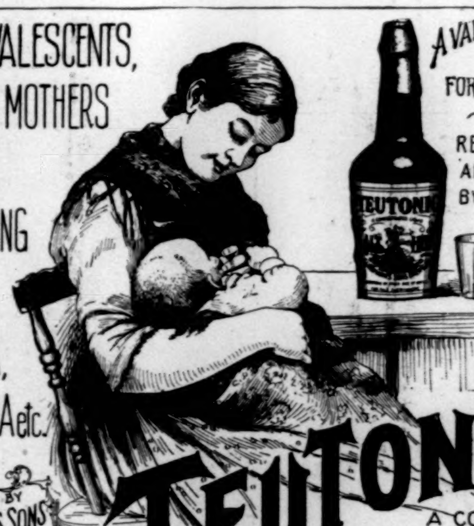

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